

*Middle Club*

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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## DECORATION DAY



# REMINGTON



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Thirty Years Ago  
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To-day the Type-  
 writer is King, and the  
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Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon  
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SWIFT & COMPANY, U. S. A.

# WILLIAMS SHAVING STICK



**UNIVERSAL  
 FACE  
 INSURANCE COMPANY**

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 Does  
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 and of  
 Premium  
 in every  
 the face  
 Do*

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 term of Life  
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 a hundred  
 Office in the*

**Insures**  
*A soft, smooth  
 face.  
 Freedom from  
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**FACE INSURANCE**  
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 INSURANCE COMPANY**

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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Vol. C. No. 2594

New York, May 25, 1905

Price 10 Cents



BEST PICTURE EVER MADE OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE NEW AND STRIKING PORTRAIT, RECENTLY EXHIBITED AT THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK, PAINTED BY GEORGE BURROUGHS TORREY FOR SECRETARY PAUL MORTON, WHO WILL PRESENT IT TO THE CHICAGO FINE ARTS SOCIETY.



# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

Vol. C.

No. 2594

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LESLIE'S WEEKLY should always be asked to pro-  
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Thursday, May 25, 1905

## America's Vast Railway Interest.

THE TEN days' meeting at Washington of the International Railway Congress was the most important which this body has ever had, and it was the first ever held in the United States. It took place, too, in the country which has a long lead over any of the other nations in the extent of its railway interests. As these congresses are five years apart, much that is of world importance often takes place in the intervals. This was particularly true between the meeting in Paris in 1900 and that in Washington a few days ago. Vice-President Fairbanks, who opened the congress in the absence of President Roosevelt, made a thoughtful and felicitous address, and Stuyvesant Fish, the president of the Illinois Central, one of the best-known railroad authorities in the country, gave an exceedingly interesting history of the development of this vast activity in the United States and throughout the world. The talk, too, by Secretary of the Navy Paul Morton, who was, until he entered the Cabinet, a very prominent railroad man, was pointed and luminous.

It was a large theme that these men dealt with. Of the 550,000 miles of main-track railway in the world, very nearly two-fifths, or 214,000 miles, are in the United States at this moment. All of Europe has only 180,000 miles. The German empire, which ranks next to the United States, has 33,000 miles. England, the earliest of all the countries in the railway field, from which we got our first locomotives, cars, and rails, has 22,000 miles, England in this case meaning the United Kingdom. Except one or two of Canada's lines, Russia's Siberian road, and England's preliminary stage of Cecil Rhodes's Cape to Cairo line, no railway in the world under a single head makes a close approach to some of our transcontinental roads in length. None of them approaches ours in extent of traffic or in completeness and modernness of equipment.

Texas or Illinois has more miles of railway than Italy, which ranks next to Germany, Russia, France, Austria-Hungary, and Great Britain among European countries. New York, which stands below the two States named, has more miles of railway than Spain, and more than Belgium, the Netherlands and Switzerland. The revenue of one of our great railways, the Pennsylvania, in 1904, \$122,000,000, was larger than that of Belgium, larger than that of the Netherlands and Sweden-Norway combined, fifty per cent. greater than that of Mexico or Canada, and ahead of that of any nation on the American continent except the United States and Brazil.

The main-track mileage of the United States railways would circle the earth along the equator eight and a half times. Their revenue in 1904, \$2,000,000,000, would pay the interest-bearing debt of the United States twice over, and leave a surplus which would support the government of Spain, with its 18,000,000 inhabitants, for a year. On the pay-rolls of the American railways there are more men, 1,500,000, than were in the armies of Grant, Lee, and the rest of the Union and Confederate commanders at Appomattox, and six times as many as were enlisted in the war of 1898 against Spain. The aggregate assets of the United States railways, \$16,000,000,000, equals the country's entire wealth at the time of Lincoln's election in 1860.

Unquestionably, the representatives of the world's railway interests came to the right country to hold their congress of 1905. They saw many things of interest in their particular field here, and doubtless learned many things of value to them. Probably, too, this congress taught us some things which will be to our advantage.

## New Memorial Day Conditions.

MEMORIAL DAY in 1905 comes under widely different conditions from those which prevailed at all previous recurrences of the holiday. The restoration of all the battle-flags captured from the Confeder-

acy during the Civil War has brought out expressions of warm appreciation from all parts of the South. The bill which ordered the restoration was introduced by a Republican, passed each branch of the Republican Congress by a unanimous vote, and was promptly and cheerfully signed by a Republican President. In his recent visit to the South President Roosevelt received a far more enthusiastic welcome than was ever before extended to a President, Democrat or Republican, in that section. More than any other President since the war, he has won the hearts of the men who wore the gray.

This year on Memorial Day there will be a greater fraternization of the old soldiers of both sides than has been seen before. We of the North and of the South can now unite in decorating the graves of the soldiers of both sides. The war's passions and prejudices have been buried so deeply that no issue or exigency of politics can ever resurrect them. Its memories are those of valor and American manhood on each side, in a cause which each believed to be right.

Unlike any other conflict in history, both sides won in the war of 1861-65. To the North it brought the triumph of "liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable." To the South it brought emancipation from conditions which threw it outside of the current of the world's interests and activities, and it has resulted in a social and industrial expansion greater than has been achieved by the rest of the country. The real victor at Appomattox was the South and not the North. To the whole country Memorial Day in 1905 has a larger significance than ever before. It will arouse a greater interest than was ever excited in the past. Death has been busy among the veterans during the year, and many additional graves will have to be decorated. Floral tributes in greater volume than had been seen thus far are in preparation for the holiday. Below as well as above Mason and Dixon's old line the occasion will have a larger interest than has been aroused heretofore.

A greater and more united nation will greet the approaching Memorial Day than any of its forerunners saw.

## \$10—A New Prize Photo Contest—\$10

Our amateur prize photo contest has long been one of the successful features of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. The publishers have decided to establish an additional contest in which professionals, too, may take part. LESLIE'S WEEKLY will give a prize of \$10 for the best picture with News value furnished by any amateur or professional. For every other News picture accepted for use \$2 will be paid. All photographs should be accompanied by a very brief statement of the events depicted.

## Sectionalism Is Dead.

WE RECENTLY said that "the sectional line has disappeared from politics in this country utterly and permanently." As proof of this we enumerated a long series of things, closing with the return of the battle-flags to the South by the unanimous vote of a Republican Congress, and the expressions of appreciation from the South which this act called out. The enthusiastic greetings for President Roosevelt in Kentucky, Texas, and other Southern States on his recent tour were also cited as proof that the geographical line in American social and political life had vanished. The Charleston News and Courier hopes that all this is true, but is a little skeptical. It cites many instances from 1876 to 1905 in which sectionalism was supposed to have been killed. We can assure our good Charleston friend that the finishing touches have been put on the burying of sectionalism this time, so far as regards the North's ability to do this alone. President Roosevelt and the Republican Congresses will have difficulty in devising any new ways to show that they believe the war's issues and passions have been settled and abolished. They have done their work in this direction patriotically and fraternally. Their work is appreciated and applauded on the other side of the Potomac and the Ohio. If there is to be any more sectionalism in politics in this country it will have to be raised by the South. The North has had more than enough of it, and has finished with it eternally.

## A Good Word for Russia.

THE AMERICAN people has learned with regret that Count Cassini, Russia's ambassador at Washington, is to leave this country, having been transferred to the legation at Madrid. In his seven years of service here Count Cassini has done much to strengthen the already powerful ties between his land and ours. Embarrassing issues have come up frequently during the year and a third which have elapsed since the beginning of the war in Manchuria, but through the whole of this episode, as in the years preceding, he displayed a tact and an intelligence which have given satisfaction to his own country and have pleased that to which he has been accredited.

Some distinguished Americans—John Quincy Adams, John Randolph, James Buchanan, Cassius M. Clay, Bayard Taylor, John W. Foster, Charles Emory Smith, Andrew D. White, Ethan A. Hitchcock, and others—have been representatives at the court of St. Petersburg. Russia has reciprocated by sending some of her ablest and most eminent men—Chevalier Pierre de Poletica, Baron de Tuyl, Baron de Krudner, Count Alexander de Bodisco, Prince Cantacuzene, and others scarcely less illustrious—to Washington. Not one of

them served under conditions of such delicacy as presented themselves to the present ambassador. Nor did any of them meet the demands of the situation with greater ability or greater acceptability.

Catherine II. had Washington for her hero, and prayed for his success. Alexander I. used his good offices in trying to avert the war between the United States and England in 1812-15, and tried, after the war began, to bring it to an end quickly. Alexander II. placed two fleets at the disposal of Lincoln in the event that England and France should intervene in favor of the Confederacy. Later on he sold Alaska to us, thus removing the Russian flag from the continent, and also removing any possible chance for trouble between his country and ours on account of rivalry for territory. Nicholas II. has followed these pro-American traditions of his forefathers by sending Count Cassini to Washington, and keeping him there for so long a time.

## The Plain Truth.

ONE ARGUMENT advanced by those who sought Mr. Rockefeller's recent gift to the American Board was that the export trade of the United States would have been "utterly impossible but for the commercial conquest of foreign lands under the lead of missionary endeavor." In short, it was contended that promotion of missionary enterprise is not only a pious deed, but also a self-rewarding one for a man as much concerned with foreign trade as Mr. Rockefeller. Unquestionably the American missionary, as he has penetrated to the uttermost parts of the earth, has insisted on taking with him all the devices for lessening labor and adorning and enriching life, which he has profited by or delighted in at home; and his display of these inventions and labor-saving devices has tended to increase American export trade. But it has come to pass that at least one Asiatic nation—Japan—of its own choice, and mainly under the impulse of science and a purely secular motive not at all allied with missions or religion, has appropriated Occidental inventions to a degree never known before; and Japan's example bids fair to be imitated by China as the latter comes more and more under the tutelage of Japan.

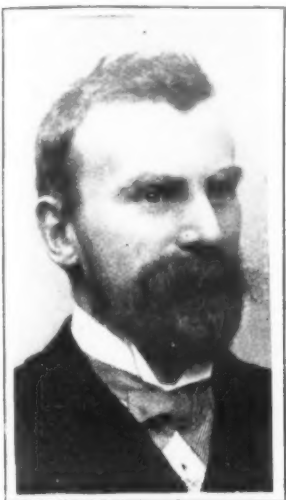
INDIANA, Wisconsin, Nebraska, and a few other Western States have laws directed against the smoking of cigarettes. Bills of the same sort have been before several States in the same section, including Illinois, Michigan, and Minnesota. In most cases these laws are so strong that they are weak. They are so sweeping and so harsh that the offenders are taking their cases to the higher courts, with the hope of having them declared unconstitutional. These enactments, most of which are recent, are a manifestation of the radical spirit which aims to reform people by statute, or by intimidation, which often breaks out in the West. Kansas has prohibition, but Carrie Nation thought it was evaded, and she set out with her hatchet to perform in her own way, and without compensation, a work which the police and the courts, in a totally different sort of a way, were paid to do, but which she said they neglected to do. Ostensibly the anti-cigarette laws are in the interest of the public health and the public morals. So was the whiskey-barrel-smashing crusade started by the women of Hillsborough, O., a third of a century ago, of which Carrie Nation's outbreak is a belated eruption. Sometimes these crusades do good for a time. Usually, however, they run their course quickly, and leave society just about as they found it.

TIMELY REMARKS, made by Comptroller of the Currency Ridgley to the National Bank Cashiers' Association at Boston, inspired evidently by the spectacular Bigelow defalcation and subsequent smash at Milwaukee, are deserving of all possible emphasis. Bank failures are almost always due to speculation, he declared, and the craze for speculation, which has only become common within a decade, has swept beyond the cities until now "it extends to almost every little country town, tempting and corrupting all whom it touches, and bringing with it ruin, sorrow, and disgrace." Mr. Ridgley made some pointed suggestions which ought to touch the conscience of every business community. First, of course, is a warning to fight free of the speculative mania. No man is safe who once lends himself to its enchantments. Further, Mr. Ridgley declared, bank officials should be paid a sufficient salary for their services and should then be forbidden to have any outside interests requiring large amounts of the bank's funds, and under no circumstances should they be allowed to use their bank position and influence as an asset in the promoting or financing of outside enterprises. Here the comptroller, from ample experience, put his finger on the most vicious spot in prevalent bank practices. It is the banker playing the rôle of promoter whose way most often ends in disaster to himself and the community. Mr. Ridgley finally urged customers and depositors to keep tabs on the banks and give their business where careful, prudent men are in charge, men who are known to be free from outside entanglements and above the allurements of the stock market. President James H. Willock, of the Pittsburgh Second National Bank, declares that this view of Mr. Ridgley's is all wrong, and that the comptroller's inexperience prompted the remarks quoted. President Willock affirms that a banker's outside connections are necessary to keep him in touch with the financial world, but since he admits all that Mr. Ridgley says about speculation, he leaves but small ground for a real difference.



## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

THAT MAYOR DUNNE, of Chicago, is in earnest in his purpose to bring about municipal ownership



JAMES DALRYMPLE,  
Street-railway expert of Glasgow, who  
will tell Chicago how to do things.  
Photo.

of the street-car lines of his city is proved by his cabled request that an expert adviser on the subject be sent to him from Glasgow, in which town the public authorities operate the tramways. In response to the appeal, Mr. James Dalrymple, general manager of the Glasgow Corporation Tramways, was granted leave of absence, and went to Chicago to confer with the mayor. The latter could have found no counselor with a more practical knowledge of the matters to be considered. Mr. Dalrymple has had a somewhat varied, and certainly a successful, business career. He spent his boyhood

on a farm in the south of Scotland. After a term of years in the local bank he went to Glasgow in 1880, and entered the city chamberlain's office. He first joined the tramways department as accountant under Mr. Young, who is now chief of the Electric Underground Railway in London. Promotion to deputy general manager was quickly followed by the appointment to the general managership. Glasgow's electric cars spin down the banks of the Clyde as far as Paisley, and connect all the suburban towns with the great city. The overhead system has been adopted both for inter-city and suburban traffic. Mr. Dalrymple has under him a staff of over four thousand men, and the annual revenue is at present \$3,750,000. Extensions, now nearly completed, will bring the next year's income easily to and beyond the four-million mark.

THE BARONESS Burdett-Coutts, of England, who, at the age of sixty-seven, married William Ashmead Bartlett, thirty years her junior, lately celebrated her ninety-first birthday. She is still quite strong physically, and her mental powers appear to be as active as ever. The baroness still directs the affairs of her large estate as capably as she did half a century ago, and it is rumored that she even contemplates a trip to the United States.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, which ranks as second among the educational institutions of the Empire State, and has become far-famed under President Schurman's administration, owes much of its high standing and success to the right start it made under its first president, the Hon. Andrew D. White. In its formative years Mr. White moulded the character of the university, and his influence still abides with it as a living and inspiring force. Although not stately connected with the institution, Mr. White is still, whenever possible, impressed into its service. He was the most conspicuous figure at the recent formal breaking of ground on the campus at Ithaca for the new building of the College of Agriculture, for which

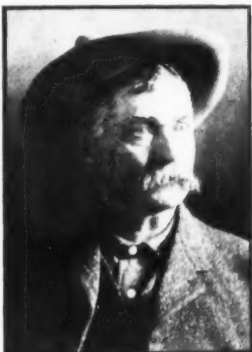


HON. ANDREW D. WHITE,  
Cornell University's first president, breaking ground for the  
new College of Agriculture.—Shelton.

the Legislature at its late session granted an appropriation. Mr. White was the most-applauded speaker of the occasion, and after a plow, held by Director L. H. Bailey and dragged by a party of students, had cut a furrow in the soil, he dug the first shovelful of earth as the beginning of the excavation for the foundation of the new structure. The presence of the great educator, writer, and diplomat was regarded as an omen of good for the university's agricultural school, which has been a boon to the farmers of the State and which is highly appreciated by them.

ONE OF THE many excellent features of the work of the Salvation Army is the tracing and discovery of missing persons by means of the organization's many members throughout the country, and advertisements in its widely-circulated publication, *The War Cry*. This system of finding the lost has lately been put to a most successful test in the case of Leo Fleischmann, a well-connected New York boy. Young Fleischmann, who was a pupil in a high school, disappeared about a year ago. His distressed parents made every effort to find him, and offered \$1,000 for a clew to his whereabouts, but, until recently, all in vain. The matter coming at last to the attention of Miss Eva Booth, commander of the Salvation Army in the United States, she had an advertisement describing the youth inserted in *The War Cry*. A reader of the paper sent information to Miss Booth which resulted in Fleischmann's being found a prisoner on board a United States receiving ship at Norfolk, Va. He had enlisted in the navy under an assumed name, and had been put under arrest for leaving without permission the ship to which he had been assigned. As he is a minor, he will be allowed to leave the naval service, and the Salvation Army will receive the \$1,000 reward.

DURING HIS hunting trip in the mountains of Colorado, President Roosevelt had the invaluable assistance of two expert guides who have a considerable reputation in the West. These men, Jake Borah and John Goff, not only aided the Nimrod of the White House to get on the trail of big game, but also made it a point to be on hand "at the death" to



JAKE BORAH AND JOHN GOFF,  
President Roosevelt's guides on his Colorado hunting trip.  
Copyright, 1905, by C. E. Krueger.

protect the President, if need be, from attack by ferocious creatures. The guides are masters of the art of hunting, and they have well-trained dogs which quickly find the track of any wild beast that may be in the region of the chase. Thus it happened that the distinguished hunter from Washington succeeded in bagging several bears and other large animals. Leaving the railroad at Newcastle, Col., the presidential party plunged into the wilderness on horseback, and established itself in a rude camp twenty miles or so from the station. There the President, in charge of his trusty guides, indulged to the full his fondness for nature and the simple life. Secretary Loeb, stationed at Glenwood, sent daily reports of important public business by courier to the President, but the latter was relieved of all routine work, and therefore enjoyed himself thoroughly in the company of his trusty huntsmen.

A REMARKABLE instance of the power of music over the human soul was witnessed recently within the grim walls of the state-prison at Auburn, N. Y. For the first time in the history of that institution, the convicts were awakened on Easter morning, at sunrise, by organ-playing and the singing of anthems. The musicians comprised the quartette of the Central Presbyterian Church, Miss Lucy Taylor, Mrs. Benjamin B. Allen, Charles G. Adams, and A. L. Hemingway, and its organist W. H. Adams. The affair was a complete and a delightful surprise to the convicts, who, startled from slumber in their cells, listened enraptured—not a few with streaming eyes—and afterward enthusiastically applauded the little choir. Even had it given but fleeting happiness to the unfortunates the entertainment would have been wholly commendable. But it had deeper and more lasting effects. The sweet strains of religious song excited in many a criminal's bosom worthy emotions to which it had long been a stranger. The better nature of each listener was quickened, and even some of the more hardened cases have shown a change of heart. The incident discloses music as a potent reformatory agent that might usefully be employed in every penal institution.

THE PERNICIOUS effects of the mania for getting rich have rarely been so signally illustrated as in the recent downfall of Frank G. Bigelow, of Milwaukee.

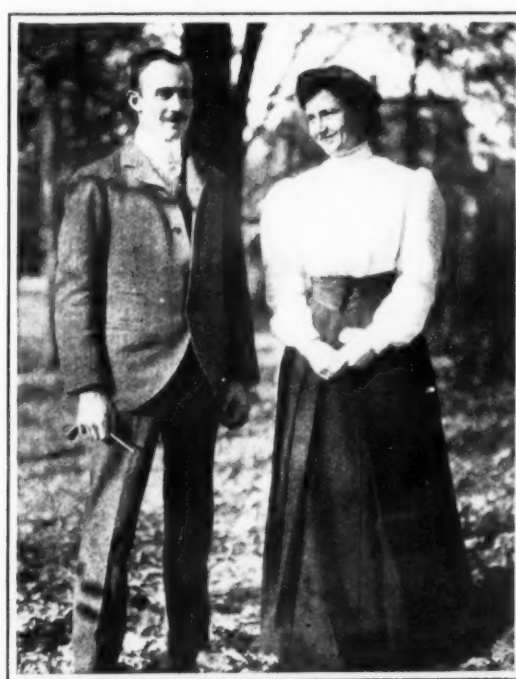
As the president of the important First National Bank, Mr. Bigelow was numbered among the town's most prominent and most respected citizens. His standing as a financier was so high that he was last year elected president of the American Bankers' Association, one of the greatest bodies of business men in the world. His name was a synonym for conservatism, good judgment, honor, and integrity. But suddenly he was discovered to be a defaulter to the bank to the extent of \$1,500,000, and a misappropriator of trust funds to the amount of \$150,000.



FRANK G. BIGELOW,  
The prominent banker of Milwaukee,  
who is a defaulter to the extent  
of \$1,500,000.

This astounding lapse on his part was due to wild speculation in wheat, for which purpose he risked and speedily lost the enormous sums he had no right to use. His own son was the broker through whom he placed his disastrous orders on 'change. For a time Mr. Bigelow covered up his wrongdoing by means of falsified accounts. But during his temporary absence a mysterious paper fell into the hands of his brother, a clerk in the bank, and was brought to the attention of the cashier. Investigation revealed the shocking duplicity and dishonesty of the head of the institution; he was arrested and was forced into bankruptcy, and now he lives under a cloud of the blackest disgrace, with the fear of the felon's cell ever with him.

WHETHER THE wives of military and naval officers are more prone than the majority of women to acquire skill in the use of firearms, statistics fail to show, though it would not be surprising if such were the case. However that may be, the wife of at least one officer of the navy, viz., Ensign John Timmons, has gained considerable reputation as an expert pistol shot. The lady referred to, Mrs. Adelle Fairbanks Timmons, is the daughter of Vice-President Fairbanks. She finds great delight in shooting at a mark with a revolver, and as her sight is keen and her nerves steady, she has become so skillful that few men excel her in handling the weapon. In our photograph Mrs. Timmons and her husband are shown while engaged in target practice, and evidently greatly enjoying the recreation; which, it would seem, might be very healthful for careful people. Some time ago Mrs. Timmons's name came before the public for reasons highly creditable to her as a woman and wife. Ensign Timmons, then connected with the battle-ship *Kearsarge*, was stricken with typhoid fever while visiting a town in Italy. Mrs. Timmons hastened to his bedside and nursed him until he recovered. But for a year thereafter the ensign's health was delicate and exacted watchful attention from his good helpmate.



MRS. ADELLE FAIRBANKS TIMMONS,  
Daughter of Vice-President Fairbanks, and her husband, both pistol  
experts, engaged in target practice.—Schmidt.



# How Japan Abolished Its Prison Horrors

By Eleanor Franklin, special correspondent of Leslie's Weekly



TOKIO,  
April 10th,  
1905.

A FEW  
days ago

I saw a little company of Japanese prisoners being led through a narrow street of Tokio, and it seemed to me they must be going into such durance vile as only wickedness itself could devise. They were tied up with ropes like so many bales of cotton, and on their heads they wore huge straw hats which fitted down over their faces, resting upon their shoulders and completely concealing the upper part of them, making them look like animated bundles with legs that moved mechanically as the natty little policeman in charge pulled the rope by which he was attached to them and by means of which he led them along like whipped beasts. It was a strange sight to see in this twentieth century, in a country which pretends to have adopted and "Japanned" modern civilization; in a country which already begins to tip-tilt its little nose at Western crudeness and to prune its plumage of pin-feathers as if it were a full-grown cock o' the walk.

This grotesque exhibition set my mind backward into the fifteenth century, and I wondered, never having given the subject a thought before, what sort of place it might be to which the poor creatures were being taken. Being interested, I set about to acquire information, and a curious time I had. I went first to our friends in the Home Department, who, with much patronizing condescension, offered to introduce me to the general director of prisons. Now, receiving an official introduction in Japan consists largely in waiting patiently until one's request has been carefully considered by half a dozen or more dignitaries of varying degrees of importance, whose point of attack for anything is, "What will be the advantage in this to us?" I waited, and in due course received a telephone message requesting me to present myself at the Department of the Interior at ten o'clock on the following morning. I went, and was ushered with further patronizing condescension into an apartment of green-rep upholstered luxury, where a gentleman of prepossessing Japanese aspect received me with a curious admixture of deference and displeased interrogation which put me immediately at my ease. You see, I am a woman not old enough nor ugly enough to be quite within the narrow confines of Japanese respect for female intelligence; so when I try to meet this invariable underestimation of myself with the proper amount of dignity to overcome it I succeed in at least assuring myself that I am proving quite equal to the unequal situation.

Yes; the gentleman would be very glad, upon such high recommendation, to show me the women's prisons in Tokio.

"But I want to see all the different kinds of prisons," said I. "Police stations, prisons of detention, penitentiaries, and reformatories."

This I said through my interpreter, who, I imagine, attempts oftentimes to smooth my pathway by much curtailing of my requests and by profuse addenda to them in the form of humilities and honorifics which quite modify their cogency.

"So desuka?" said the high official, regarding me with perplexed surprise. "So desuka?" means "Is that so?" and it means it to such an exaggerated degree sometimes as to be quite untranslatable.

"So desuka?" he repeated, and then he began to explain things to Kosaka San.

"His Excellency says that it will be quite impossible to show you a man's prison, because no woman has ever been allowed inside of one," said that functionary, in an awe-stricken tone.

"So desuka?" said I, and added, "In that case I think I shall defer the privilege of visiting the women's prisons until I have more time for mere sight seeing."

Now, it was not so much what I said as the lofty way in which I said it that counted in this instance, for I don't suppose it made any difference to these Japanese friends whether or not I ever visited anything in the empire; but when I was initiated into the secrets of the little conversation which followed I learned that the Minister of the Interior was to be communicated with to see if special permission could not be obtained for me. Of course! "Special permission" can almost always be obtained in Japan if you give officialdom time to sidestep around a proposition until they are sure they have mastered all its subtleties. Special permission was obtained from the Minister of the Interior while I waited, and I promised to drive around after luncheon



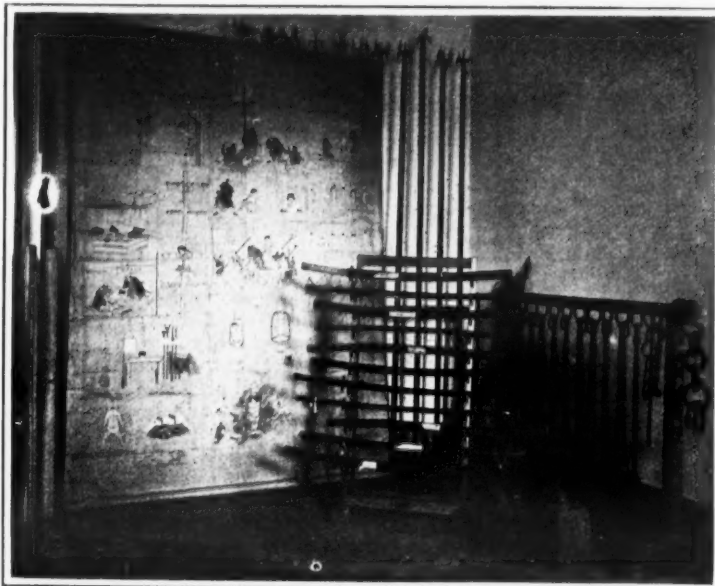
THE WARDEN OF THE PRISON AT SAGAMO, JAPAN.



MODEL OF THE ONLY KIND OF PRISON JAPAN POSSESSED TWENTY YEARS AGO.

and get the general director, who very graciously offered me personal escort to the institutions. All this doesn't take long to write about, but it took from ten in the morning until one in the afternoon to accomplish, and most of the time was spent in making polite speeches and drinking weak green tea out of lilliputian cups.

But after so much for the reels of red tape, the reams of regulations, and the mountains of suffocating proprieties with which Japanese officialdom is bound about, I must come down to the statement of my belief that with the problem of crime and its just and decent punishment Japan has done more than with any other thing that has been presented to her in the form of modern civilization. Her military excellence rests upon a foundation rooted in centuries of chivalry, whose code of ethics was brought from the god-world by the founders of the race themselves. Her educational system is built upon a time-long habit of study and a mental adaptability that is not more remarkable to-day than it was a century ago, when she made her own all the learning and philosophy of the East, that



PICTURED HORRORS AND OLD INSTRUMENTS OF PUNISHMENT IN THE PRISON MUSEUM AT TOKIO.



SECTION OF THE BIG PRISON AT SAGAMO, A SUBURB OF TOKIO.

is "the cradle of the world." Her modern development along almost every line has grown out of something she was, or something she possessed, before the American gun-boat *Mississippi* steamed into Yeddo Bay, but the perfection of her modern prison system is a thing grown out of nothing, and as such is the most admirable evidence I have seen of the country's rapid growth toward a deserved place in the comity of nations.

Much less than fifty years ago there was as little idea of justice in Japan as there is in China to-day, and the longer sword of the "two sword men" represented all the law that was known to the lower classes, who escaped this only to be subjected to the most fiendish tortures that cruelty could devise, until they were willing to confess having committed any crime of which they might be rightfully or wrongfully accused. We started to go first to the men's prison at Sagamo, but on the way we stopped at the headquarters of the Japan Prison Society, where all prison officials meet from time to time to discuss reforms and improvements, and where lectures are delivered occasionally to assembled wardens and subordinate officials upon the newest methods of handling prisoners to their best good and to the greatest advantage to the state.

This headquarters of the Japan Prison Society is a low, rambling wooden building, innocent of paint or architectural distinction, standing out in the glaring sun near an open stretch of paddy-fields, midway between the city hall and the great prison of the city's pride. In one room of this little building there was a curious collection of "instruments of justice," which might have figured in the Spanish Inquisition to the enhancement of that institution's reputation for unparalleled cruelty. There were racks and screws, whips and bludgeons, five-pronged spears and wicked long knives. There were chains with great spiked anklets attached to them, and other chains to which hung great weights which no ordinary man could carry. There were two enormous squares of iron sitting beside an upright rack into which victims were tied in a doubled-up position and then forced into unthinkable torture by means of the upward pressure of a great horizontal beam that moved in grooves in the sides of the machine. This rack almost explained itself, but the two pieces of iron looked mysterious.

"What were those for?" I asked.

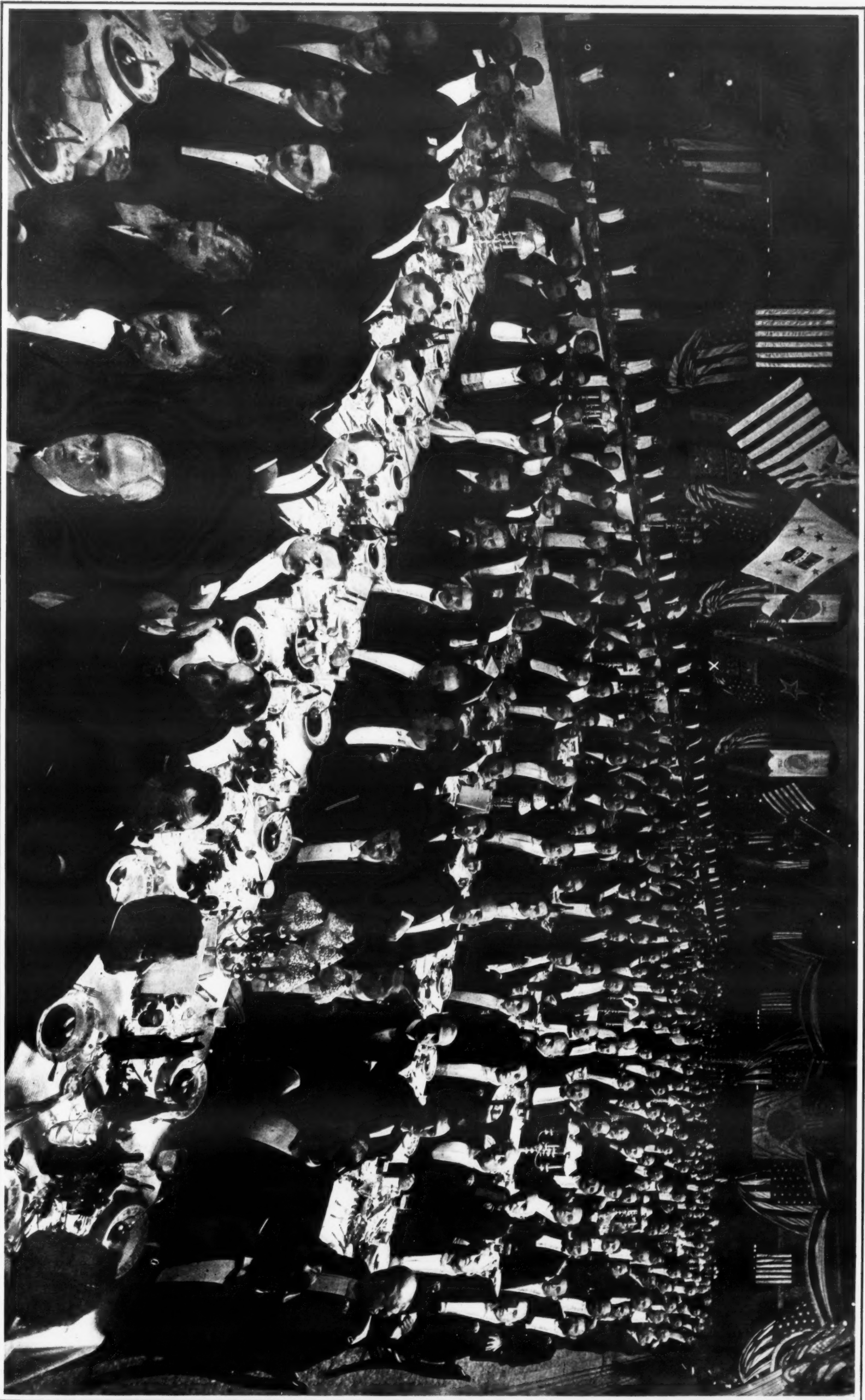
"Those were tied to one end of a rope by which a man was put to death by hanging," explained my escort. "Enough of them were put on to balance the weight of his body, and he was left to die of strangulation."

We were standing by this time in front of a huge chart which gave me cold shivers and drew my attention away from all the other horrors for the time being. It contained brilliantly colored and grotesquely drawn pictures of all the different methods of torture and execution common during the Tokugawa Shogunate, or from the latter part of the sixteenth century until the war of the Restoration in 1868. In one corner was a picture of a man being burned to death, but I could readily believe my escort's statement that this was not a common method, because, compared with some of the others, it was painless and swift, and it lacked the picturesqueness peculiar to the exhibition of a man caught in a great wooden trap and being sliced up piecemeal, and it was not half as entertaining as a crucifixion, at which the howling populace was permitted to assist with long spears of five and seven prongs of the fish-hook combination variety. These spears would go smoothly into a victim's flesh, but as they were drawn out they would catch and—horrible details!

It was all pictured there in carmine and yellow, together with various methods of torturing a victim into confession of crime, one of the most original of which was crushing the legs of the accused under huge slabs of stone, put on one by one. Then there were various rope tortures quite beyond my comprehension in their fiendish ingenuity; and all of these things in Japan belong to modern history and are not relics of mediæval barbarity, mind you. That is why they are so intensely interesting. Within the memory of many of us these things have been and are yet, no doubt, believed in by many an aged Japanese to whom they were familiar in his prime of life, and who now looks with frowning disapproval upon the onward march of civilization in the

Continued on page 490.





UNIQUE DEMONSTRATION OF POLITICAL NON-PARTISANSHIP.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT (X), A REPUBLICAN, ENTERTAINED AT A BANQUET IN HIS HONOR BY THE IROQUOIS CLUB, A FAMOUS DEMOCRATIC ORGANIZATION OF CHICAGO.

*Copyrighted by the George N. Lawrence Co.*



# Battle-ground of Santiago After Seven Years

By Rutherford Corbin, special correspondent of Leslie's Weekly

SANTIAGO, CUBA, April 25th, 1905.

CUBA, FROM the darkness of three centuries, is marching in the early tropic dawn toward the light of a full, safe, and lasting prosperity of good government and good citizenship. The light is not yet clear. The road is not smooth, and often it turns back toward the night. But it is the day, and the end of the way is a few generations ahead, in plain sight to those who are not blinded by their dislike for her, or whose sight is not dimmed by indifference to her struggles. Porto Rico is the best governed and most prosperous community in the Western Indies. The intermediate island of Santo Domingo has caught across the straits a longing for the peace and happiness, the rest from the storm, her two neighbors enjoy. Across the Atlantic a new nation, relieved of the cancer which ate into its growth, is beginning to make great strides back toward its ancient prestige. On the other side of the world, in the Philippines, there are rest and peace.

In the tropics the dawn comes suddenly from the long dark reaches of the night. "Comes up, like thunder out of China—'cross the bay," as Mr. Kipling wrote from the pagoda at Moulmein, in that tropic latitude across the world. There is black night, a quick gray length across the east, and then right before the eyes, the sudden sun and the long black shadows. With centuries of dark behind and God knows how much of light before, the dawn of an epoch for many peoples broke, on a July morning seven years ago, among the hills of southern Cuba.

A milestone on the path of history, Santiago marks a complete turning of the road in the lives of the thousands whose destiny was in the balance there that day. And the men who put it to the trial? Some lie there on the hillside yet, some are lost in the deepest water in the world, in the Caribbean. More of them, beaten to frailty by the rigors of that week of suffering, came home to die, or live broken remnants, to tell the story in the soldiers' homes of our own country or in the hospitals of Barcelona and Madrid. One is a President of the United States, and another the lieutenant-general of its army. One is a leading spirit of Spain's new progress. For four peoples Santiago is a milestone. In the remnant of the forty thousand who fought there for America or Spain, the day lives, the deepest scar or the crown of glory of their lives.

In the whirl of American life, where we forget many things, the day of Santiago has become to those who read of it in the broad-lined extras a small and almost forgotten episode. Yet I have in mind to recall many burning pictures of the receipt of the news at home. I have been told of the mad crowds about the bulletin boards of Park Row, the stilled business and anxious waiting through the day; then the flag-bedecked streets, the red, white and blue above and the cheering throng below; the standing audience at the theatres and the patriotic airs; the weeping mother on Fifth Avenue and the happy bride among the Indiana hills. One can see the lonely road-station in the Western desert, with the sunburned, intent face waiting to catch the click from the wire to the world. "San-Juan-Hill-taken-rough-riders-did-well." He knew they would do well. Into a dance-hall in Paris the news was greeted with a crash of broken glass and an American college-boys' cheer; in the map-littered telegraph room at the White House the greatest man in America, worn by sleepless nights, had in his eyes the fullness of his country's glory and a tear for the individual sorrow of the stricken. He knew and we all knew they would win.

It has been seven years, and the most of those that did this thing are gone or forgotten. In the enthusiasm of victory many were rewarded to a remarkable degree; some were slighted in the reaction, as if it had been their fault, and they have not caught up yet. The proverbial ingratitude of republics and the vivid American temperament, sensitive alike to the valor of our kind and the ridiculousness of hero-worship, begot strange results. If the army, which makes fighting simply a cold business, could be said to have selected from itself a "Hero of Santiago" [the very sentimentality of that name would make them grimace], it was "Long John" Miley, of Shafter's staff, who stood there that morning in the waters of the San Juan creek and slapped each man on the back as he passed by, and directed the column into position for the charge; who stood for system amid seeming disorder and for hope among the doubtful; who held the lines in connection through the day's bloody work and straightened them along the ridge that night, and led up guns and horses and ammunition to the weak spots.

But that is the very professional side of the work. The fact that it was done amid glaring danger and the clamor of battle appeals to us. That it was well done appeals to the regular soldier. Most of them attribute the success of the San Juan charge more to Miley than to any other one person among the many who are entitled to credit. After the campaign he was recommended by General Shafter for appointment as a brigadier-general of volunteers, but the President decided that he was too young and sent him to the Philippines as a lieutenant-colonel, where he was shuffled off into a corner and put in charge of a custom-house and died of the fever. He did not die before he had put the Philippines customs service on a firm basis, and did not complain because he was not given a place on the fighting-line. The Philippines government

has lately put his picture on its bank-notes, with those of McKinley, Lawton, and Rizal, and the War Department has named a coast battery for him. He was remarkably tall and slim, with the Indian cheek-bones and solemn, broad mouth; was greatly loved by his friends, and was one of the best of born soldiers. He believed in the American soldier, and wrote a book in which he says that the American regular private was the real hero of San Juan.

To General Shafter, Miley was intensely loyal, and although many of the orders and directions he gave must have come from his own brain on the spur of the heated moment, he gave all credit to his chief. Indeed, I am not sure that Shafter is a great name in our military history. I do not intend to make LESLIE'S WEEKLY the reviver of a happily submerged controversy, but I will say this much: Shafter commanded. Had his army failed, his would have been the great blame. It won, and he was the first man to ascribe the victory to the individual skill of his officers and the valor of his troops. It is certain that they caught much of his own obstinacy and bull-headed singleness of purpose, and that it was because of those very qualities that he made himself unpopular with many people. The purpose was to take Santiago. In command of his army he landed at Siboney, and four weeks later sat in the palace at Santiago.

The best foreign soldiers who went with the army from Tampa to the end reported that it was composed of the best 15,000 fighting men who ever got together. Its organization was primitive, part of its armament antiquated, its transportation and its supplies inadequate, and its clothing and equipment inappropriate. But it got there. Humphrey and Weston, with American ingenuity and enterprise, made up, by their personal energy, for the deficiency of their departments. The master-leadership of Kent and Lawton and Wheeler and Chaffee, and the infusion of their spirit into their men, killed distances over bad roads and made up for the horses and wagons and food and tents which were not. The rifle skill of the private and the care of the officer did for the lack of siege guns and more light guns. They had to do, and they did.

That was the last of the old army of blue, the army of 1812, of Contreras and Resaca de la Palma, of the valley of Virginia and the plains of the West. We have a new one now, with the traditions of the old. Seven years ago 15,000 men went into Cuba. Two years later, when the same regiments went to the Philippines, they recruited seventy per cent. Not two per cent. of the army-file of to-day had shouldered their rifles in 1898. A thousand were killed there or died of fever, and many thousand more have died since. It is hard to tell, but I do not suppose the half of them are living to-day. Only seven short years. Shafter is retired and lives in San Francisco. Weston and Humphrey, of his staff, are the effective heads of their departments. Of the division commanders, Kent and Wheeler are retired, and Lawton died of a bullet-shot in the valley of San Mateo in the Philippines, with final success just in sight. Of the brigade commanders, Young became the lieutenant-general of the army before he retired, when Chaffee succeeded him. Sumner is retired and Bates a major-general. The gallant and brilliant Ludlow died of the fever in the Philippines after he had cleaned Havana from the dirt of centuries. Wikoff was killed, Worth, who succeeded him, was wounded and has since died. McKibbin, Hawkins, and Markley, who bore the personal

brunt of a large part of the shock of the San Juan charge, still live. Of the regimental commanders of that day, Wood alone has had a career. One doesn't need to tell his story or that of Roosevelt or of the rough riders at all.

Well, the day has gone, and gone by seven years, which do not seem so long. To-day only the men who fought are gone or changed, and only the battle-field remains the same. It is in the mind of the War Department to mark it with the names of the men who fought and who were killed and their regiments, and a committee has gone there for that purpose. The locations are easily found. The hill of El Pozo, whence Grimes fired the first shot; the bloody ford where Hawkins and Kent came into the first fire, and where afterward the wounded lay until the stream ran red; the block-house of San Juan and the ruins of that at El Caney; the Kettle Hill which made our President, and the thin line of trenches about the city are unchanged.

And the men who followed the army to write of it through danger of bullets and sickness, through half starvation and great fatigue, may I not speak of them? They were the masters of the craft from many countries, and those of us who go out young to-day to take their path should have watched and learned well. Some lie buried in the veldt of South Africa, some in the plains of Manchuria; the living ones are scattered to the ends of the earth, and yet I think among the survivors of the little company Santiago is still a bond. Stephen Crane, who had already won fame, died in the Black Forest, and Frank Norris, who in his young brilliancy was the one to succeed him in his vivid way of writing, is also gone. Creelman, Harding Davis, Caspar Whitney, and Remington are still holding the places in their world which their work at Santiago did much to give them, and Chandler Christy and Stephen Bonsal made their marks there. Nichols died recently in Thibet, and Scovel in Havana. It has been seven years.

## Money in Oil.

THE RECENT agitation against the Standard Oil Company in several States, particularly in Kansas, has resulted in bringing the oil industry into prominence as a factor in our national affairs, and is creating a knowledge of the countless millions of money being made in producing and refining petroleum. In analyzing the oil industry the curious fact is revealed that the greatest oil-producing State is not an Eastern State at all. The honor goes to far-away California. While California is known as the Golden State, it having produced more gold than any three other States, and more than twice as much as any other gold-bearing district in the world, it is also producing fifty per cent. more oil than any other State. The oil industry in California has had a rapid rise, and it has strewn profits with a lavish hand on those who have been instrumental in its development. One case noted is that of a brakeman on the Southern Pacific Railroad, who bought a tract of land for \$2.50 an acre, and when oil was discovered sold some of it for \$4,000 an acre, developed the balance, became a millionaire, and now rides in his private car over the road where he was formerly employed.

A Los Angeles grocery clerk, who thought he saw more money in oil than in selling sugar, went into the business with such good luck that within two years he had made considerably more than a million dollars. A struggling attorney accepted a tract of land, supposed to be of little value, as a fee. In two and a half years this land has returned a net profit of about \$400,000 from the sale of oil. Another clerk purchased stock in an oil company and received \$316 for each dollar invested. A former school teacher who quit his work of drilling youthful minds to drill oil wells now enjoys an income of \$25,000 monthly. The largest well in the State is located near the town of Coalinga, and flows about 3,000 barrels of oil daily. It is controlled by a New York firm. A great many of the wells flow from 500 to 1,000 barrels daily. In one quarter of the city of Los Angeles there is a perfect forest of oil derricks. It is a common sight to see a substantial residence with two oil derricks in the front yard. It is evident the residents prefer oil profits to landscape beauty. Unlike Eastern oil, California oil is used mostly for fuel, although there are many refineries. Railroads, steamships, factories, gas and electric light plants, and kitchen ranges are all using oil instead of coal, as it effects a great saving. The consumption amounts to about 2,500,000 barrels monthly, and is rapidly increasing. The Standard Oil Company has never been able to exert anything like the influence in the California oil fields that it does in the East, and probably never will.

## Enjoyable from Cover to Cover.

Oakland (Cal.) Tribune.

THE latest issue of LESLIE'S WEEKLY is up to the high standard set so long ago by the publishers of this weekly. The illustrations are most excellent and the number is one to be enjoyed from cover to cover.

FOR busy men and women—Abbott's Angostura Bitters. A delightful tonic and invigorator—a health-giver and a health-preserver. All druggists.

## Home from the Hills.

Memorial Day, 1905.

UNDER their tents—the green, velvet mounds—  
Our soldiers are sleeping to-day.  
Home from the hills of carnage and strife,  
At rest from the din and the fray.  
Peace after turmoil,  
Calm after storm.  
No more long marches before them.  
And now, as of old,  
Our love to enfold,  
And the flag they loved rippling o'er them.

FAITHFUL and true, they fought the good fight;  
They fought, and the victory won.  
God saw, and called them to sweet fields of peace,  
And uttered the verdict: "Well done."  
Light after darkness,  
Warmth after cold.  
A nation to reverence and love them,  
And, for their toil,  
Bloom of the soil,  
And old Glory to ripple above them.

OUT of the fields they wet with their blood  
To a glorious haven of rest;  
Their forms in the arms of the soil they loved,  
Their souls in the realm of the bless'd.  
Peace after the wrath,  
Bloom after blight,  
A gift from the mourners who love them—  
The sweet garlands press'd  
On the turf o'er each breast,  
And old Glory rippling above them.

ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

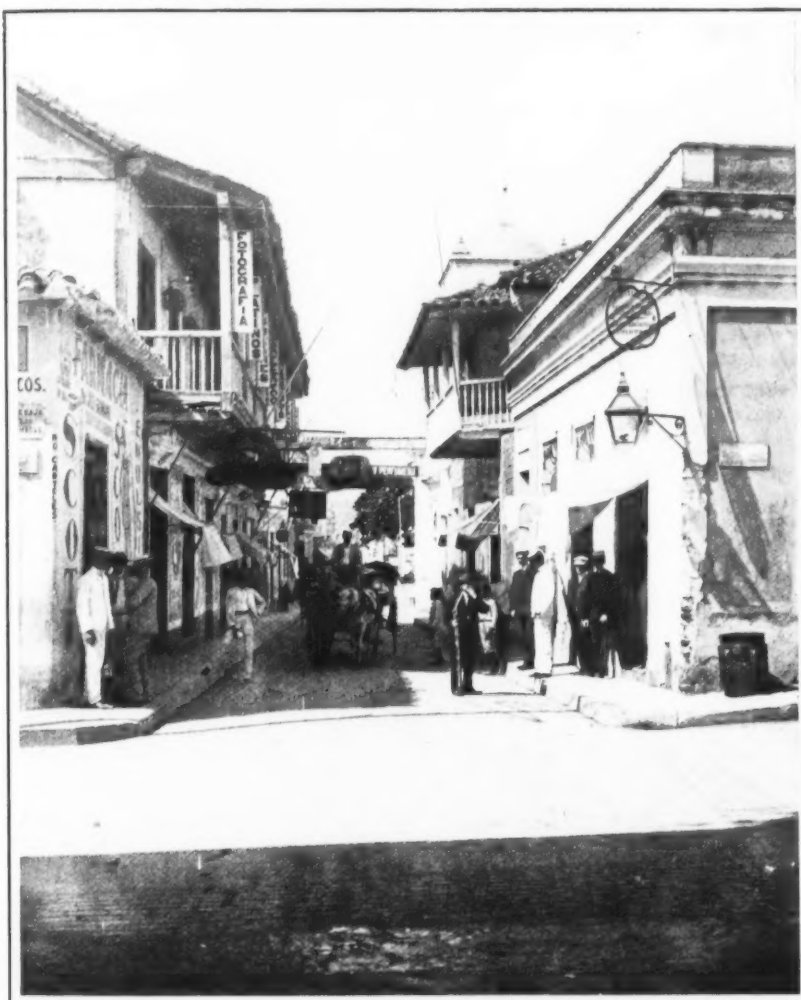




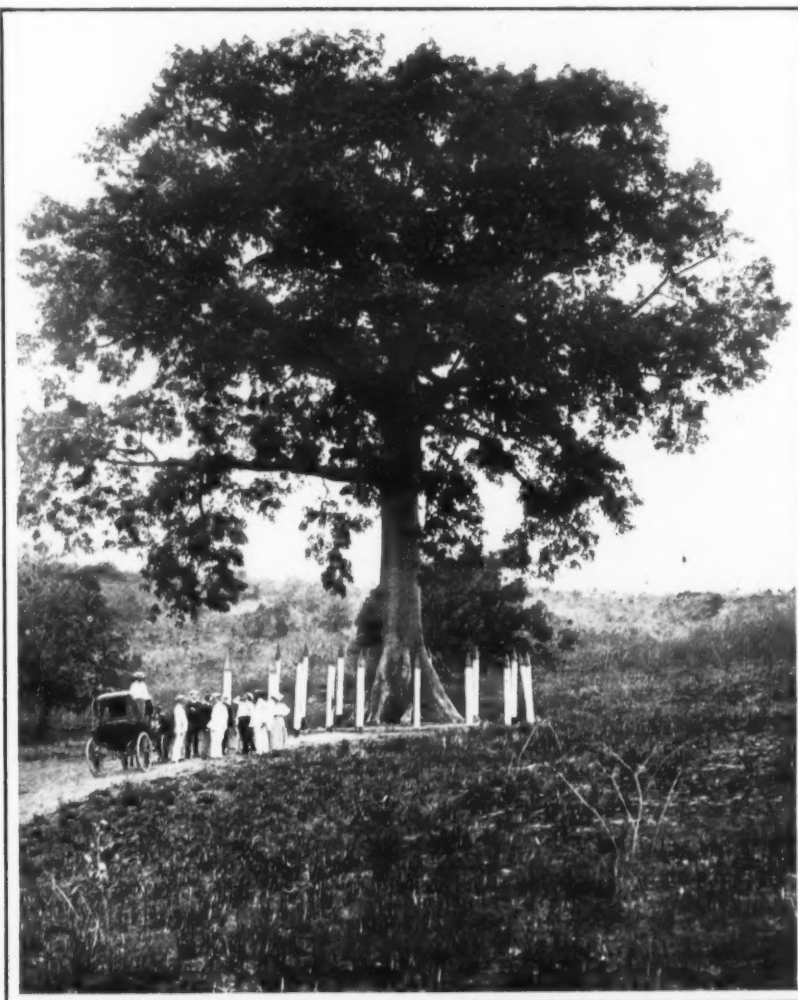
MONUMENT ON SAN JUAN HILL TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN KILLED IN THE FIGHTING AROUND SANTIAGO.



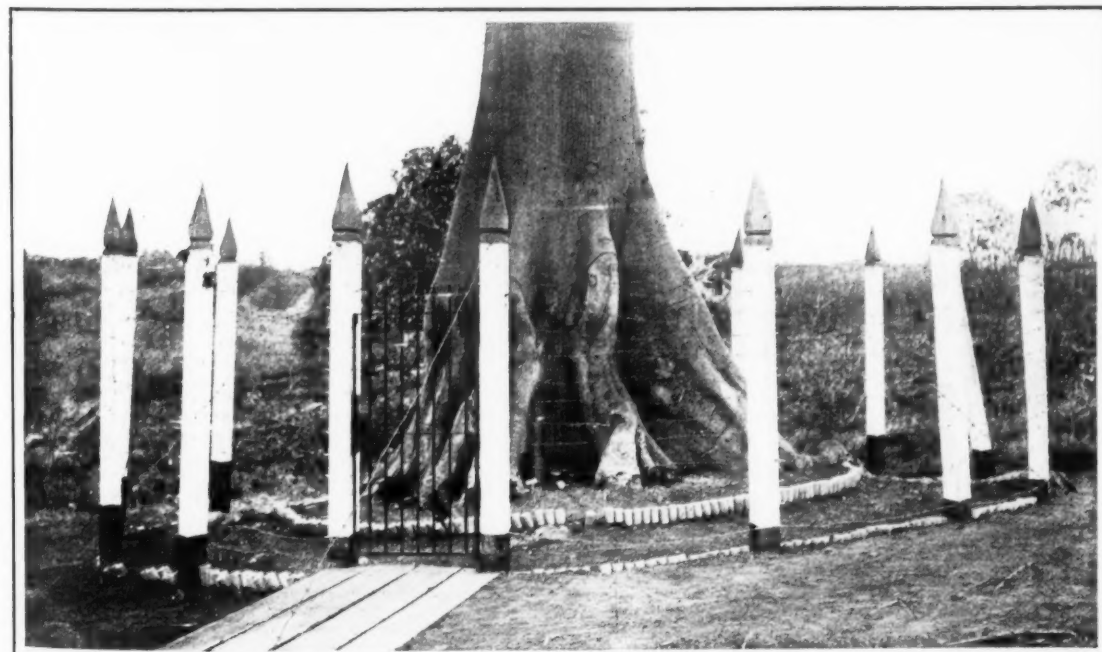
AMERICAN TOURISTS COMING ASHORE AT THE ATHLETIC CLUB PIER, AT SANTIAGO, TO VISIT THE FAMOUS BATTLE-GROUND.



MAIN BUSINESS STREET IN THE CITY OF SANTIAGO, WHICH HAS FLOURISHED SINCE THE WAR.



STATELY TREE UNDER WHICH TERMS FOR THE SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO WERE ARRANGED.



SLENDER FENCE, ERECTED BY THE GOVERNMENT, WHICH PROTECTS THE HISTORIC "PEACE TREE," NOT FAR FROM SAN JUAN HILL, FROM INJURY.



BRONZE TABLET ON THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT ON SAN JUAN HILL.

### MOST FAMOUS BATTLE-GROUND IN THE WEST INDIES.

LATEST VIEWS OF SANTIAGO, CUBA, AND VICINITY, WHERE TOOK PLACE THE BIGGEST LAND FIGHT OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

*Photographed by our staff photographer, T. C. Muller, during a recent visit to Cuba. See opposite page.*



## HOW JAPAN ABOLISHED ITS PRISON HORRORS

Continued from page 486.

land of the Shoguns. These old patriots will go yearly and pray before the shrines of Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu, in beautiful Nikko, among the North Hills, that the august spirits of these old builders of the empire may be soothed in the midst of this continued outrage against the institutions born of their divine judgments; but these institutions, like their founders, are dead for all eternity, and upon the nothing that resulted from their destruction is being built—has been almost completed, indeed—a system of law and order, of justice clean and kindly, that has not its superior in any part of the world.

The prison at Sagamo is a vast low structure of brick and wood spread over acres of well-kept grounds, around which is a brick wall without watch-towers or spikes, and so low that an American prisoner longing for freedom would find it no obstacle to his escape. I wondered at this and inquired why a stronger one was not found necessary, and why there were no towers for armed sentinels, such as are common to our prisons, but my question was hardly understood and I waited to learn that a stronger wall than could be built by hands safeguards these prisoners and makes attempts at escape almost an unknown thing among them. This is a wall of discipline built upon time-honored social divisions, among which the class of Samurai, now the officials of the empire, have been held for centuries in respect that borders upon awe. These officials go about the premises armed only with short swords, which are more decorative than useful, and the warden proudly told me that revolvers were not a part of the equipment of prison officials because the necessity for the use of one had never arisen in any one's experience.

In Sagamo prison there are 2,700 men, under sentences that range from six months to fifteen years. These prisoners are carefully divided as to class in such a way that the prison becomes more a reformatory than a place of mere punishment. Life prisoners, or those under long sentence for great crimes, are sent to a prison two hours away into the country, where their influence may not touch these criminals new to crime or altogether free from inherent criminal tendencies. In the prisons there are workshops of every possible kind, where articles both useful and artistic are turned out in great number and excellence, but just now these 2,700 men are busily engaged in the manufacture of clothes and various articles of necessity for the soldiers in Manchuria. In one big shop were dozens of men cutting and basting up khaki uniforms. In another room hundreds of machines were buzzing to the completion of these and other garments being turned in by other shops, where cheerful industry seemed to rob the atmosphere of all the grewsomeness peculiar to such places.

There was one building where army shoes were being manufactured by the thousand pairs; shoes meant for long marches across unbroken countries in any kind of weather. I was told that the prisoners liked to do this work, considered it a privilege, indeed; for in none of them is the spirit of patriotism blighted, and to be able to help even thus much in the prosecution of this great and glorious war makes their imprisonment a more or less happy bondage. I could readily believe this, seeing the smiling faces of them, and I also thought that imprisonment in such a place must be, to many of them, rather a privilege than a punishment, since poverty and unremitting toil are so distinctly the lot of the lower-class Japanese. But even to them I suppose that freedom is the sweetest thing in life and shame the bitterest. I glanced here and there in this prison as hurriedly as possible, for I was the only woman who had ever crossed its threshold, and the prisoners regarded me with more curiosity and interest than discipline ever permits them to display.

In the well-kept cells, in the kitchens and bath-houses, which were empty at this hour, we lingered to comment upon it all, and my entertainers were greatly interested in the things I told them about the great prisons of America and about American punishments for crime. They all knew about the Tombs and Sing Sing, although none of them had ever visited New York, and they asked me many curious questions about these institutions and about American laws—questions, I am sorry to say, I answered most unsatisfactorily. During our discussion I learned that it costs Japan, to keep a prisoner, less than half the amount that America spends, and that, thanks to the fact that as yet there are no trades-unions strong

enough to fly in the face of the imperial government, the prisons are about half self-supporting.

I inquired which religious system was employed for the spiritual betterment of the prisoners, and was surprised, although I should not have been, to learn that it is Buddhism. This, to my mind is incongruous. To Buddhism belonged all the hopelessness of the old system that has vanished save for the few relics in the museum of the prison society. To Buddhism belonged the dark, noisome hovels into which men were thrown in squirming heaps, bound up in balls and chains. To Buddhism belonged the racks and screws, the burnings and the torturings that knew no justice, and never dreamed of mercy. But from Christianity, or from Christian civilization, was borrowed all the clean kindness of this new Japan, and I could not understand how upon Buddhist hopelessness

weak green tea, and informed us at once that we were just in time to see the dismissal of some young prisoners who had been arrested for unlicensed immorality. The poor little creatures were led in by a stern-faced woman in a black kimono, who was, of course, a caretaker, or sort of matron, and I never in my life saw such timorous little animals as they were. Wide-eyed innocence, whose proper name is ignorance, was stamped upon their common little faces, and for the life of me I could not see the necessity for the lofty tone employed by the warden as he delivered to them a prepared lecture on immorality and its dire consequences, which was probably miles beyond their intellects. They stood trembling before us with bowed heads, tears rolling unheeded down their cheeks, and my heart ached with pity for them when I thought that the enlightenment they needed was, in all likelihood, a thing quite incomprehensible to these male officials, with whom womenkind count for so little.

I found this prison very much like the one at Sagamo, except that it was not so vast in extent and was neater, perhaps, if anything could be. The prisoners were dressed in the same uniform worn by the men—at least, they looked so, although their brick-colored kimonos were probably a bit longer and perhaps a little better as to shape. It is a prison garb, this ugly red kimono, but it is vastly better, I think, less degrading and hurtful to the character of its wearers, than the hideous stripes inflicted upon offenders against American law. Under new Japanese treaties foreigners are tried in Japanese courts and punished in Japanese prisons, just as we try and punish foreigners in our country. This was not the case up to a very few years ago, and although it is a simple and a just law of civilized nations, there is between us and this people such a great gulf fixed that native punishment for one of us seems quite out of proportion to ordinary offense, since, in addition to being imprisoned, one must suffer complete isolation from every familiar sight and sound, and be forced to adjust one's mental focus to impossibly unfamiliar standards. So, God help the American or European who may find himself in the hands of

Japanese justice! While the country's laws are fair and fairly administered, he would probably be subjected to greater mental misery than at his worst he could possibly have deserved.

In the women's prison in Tokio there is a wing occupied by male offenders of high social standing and by prisoners waiting for trial or sentence, and in this place I was grieved to learn that an American youth is serving a long term of imprisonment for forgery. Japan is fairly up to modern times in prison hospitals, in societies for the assistance of released prisoners, and all the excellent institutions that science and humanity have devised; and it is interesting to know that they are all distinctly Japanese, peculiarly adapted to Japanese necessities and conditions, and this fact fills one with renewed admiration for Japan's ability to make her own, in her own way, all the worthiest features of Western civilization.

### The Jews a Race of Poor Men.

IN A RECENT article by M. Henri Dagan, a French sociologist, it is shown that the Jews are essentially a race of poor men, the financial class representing only a small minority. A very large proportion of the 5,700,000 Jews in Russia are engaged in manual toil. In thirteen Russian governments there are 325 Jewish agricultural colonies. Roumania is, of course, the worst Jew-persecuting country in the world. Practically all professions are closed to them, and even peddling is prohibited. Seventy-five per cent. of the factory hands in Roumania must be of Roumanian nationality, and as a consequence thousands of Jews have been deprived of a living and forced to emigrate.

### A Valuable Constitutional Tonic.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE not only corrects disorders which undermine health, but also builds up the entire physical system on a permanent foundation.

### Milk Mixtures

for babies are many times dangerous in that the milk may become tainted. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is absolutely safe, being rendered sterile in the process of preparation. As a general household milk it is superior and always available.



SUPERB MONUMENT TO A CONFEDERATE COMMANDER.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL FORREST, UNVEILED AT MEMPHIS, TENN., ON MAY 16TH.—VETERANS OF THE GRAY ARE DISSATISFIED BECAUSE THE FIGURE FACES THE SOUTH INSTEAD OF THE NORTH, WHENCE CAME THE ENEMY, AND IT WILL PROBABLY BE TURNED TO THE NORTH.

ness such ideas could possibly be ingrafted. The Buddhist prayer is, "Great Amida Buddha, deliver us from existence," while to Christ we pray, "Deliver us from evil"; and I could not but think, as I stood in the great prison temple before a gilded altar of the Lord



OUTFIT WHICH HELPED THE PRESIDENT TO BAG BIG GAME.

JAKE BORAH, CHIEF GUIDE TO THE DISTINGUISHED HUNTER, IN THE COLORADO WILDERNESS, HIS PACK OF WELL-TRAINED HOUNDS, HIS ASSISTANTS, AND A STRING OF BRONCOS.

Copyright, 1905, by H. H. Buckwalter.

Buddha, that Christ's teachings of love and righteousness that inherit eternal life, might well be substituted in this place for the system of dense philosophy which knows no hope of future betterment and only seeks a final complete extinction. The modern well-informed and dignified officers bowed low before the altar as we passed, like good Catholics before a crucifix, and I knew that in their hearts they murmured, "Namu Amida Butsu! Namu Amida Butsu!" for this is the national invocation to the eternal entity who represents unthinkable nothingness.

The women's prison is miles away among the green hills, and thither we drove through narrow, picturesque streets, where babies seemed to constitute a vast majority of the population. The warden received us with marked politeness and the inevitable little cup of





(PRIZE-WINNER.) CHILDREN OF PARK MANOR SCHOOL DECORATING THE GRAVES OF THE SOLDIER-DEAD IN OAKWOOD CEMETERY, CHICAGO.—S. E. Wright, Illinois.



VETERANS ADORNING THE SOLDIERS' PLOT AT HOPE CEMETERY, WORCESTER, MASS.  
Edward C. Fuller, Massachusetts.



MENDING THE OLD FLAG WHICH IS TO WAVE ON DECORATION DAY.  
J. E. Boos, New York.



WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS PREPARING FLORAL EMBLEMS FOR THE SOLDIERS' TOMBS.  
Mrs. E. E. Trumbull, New York.



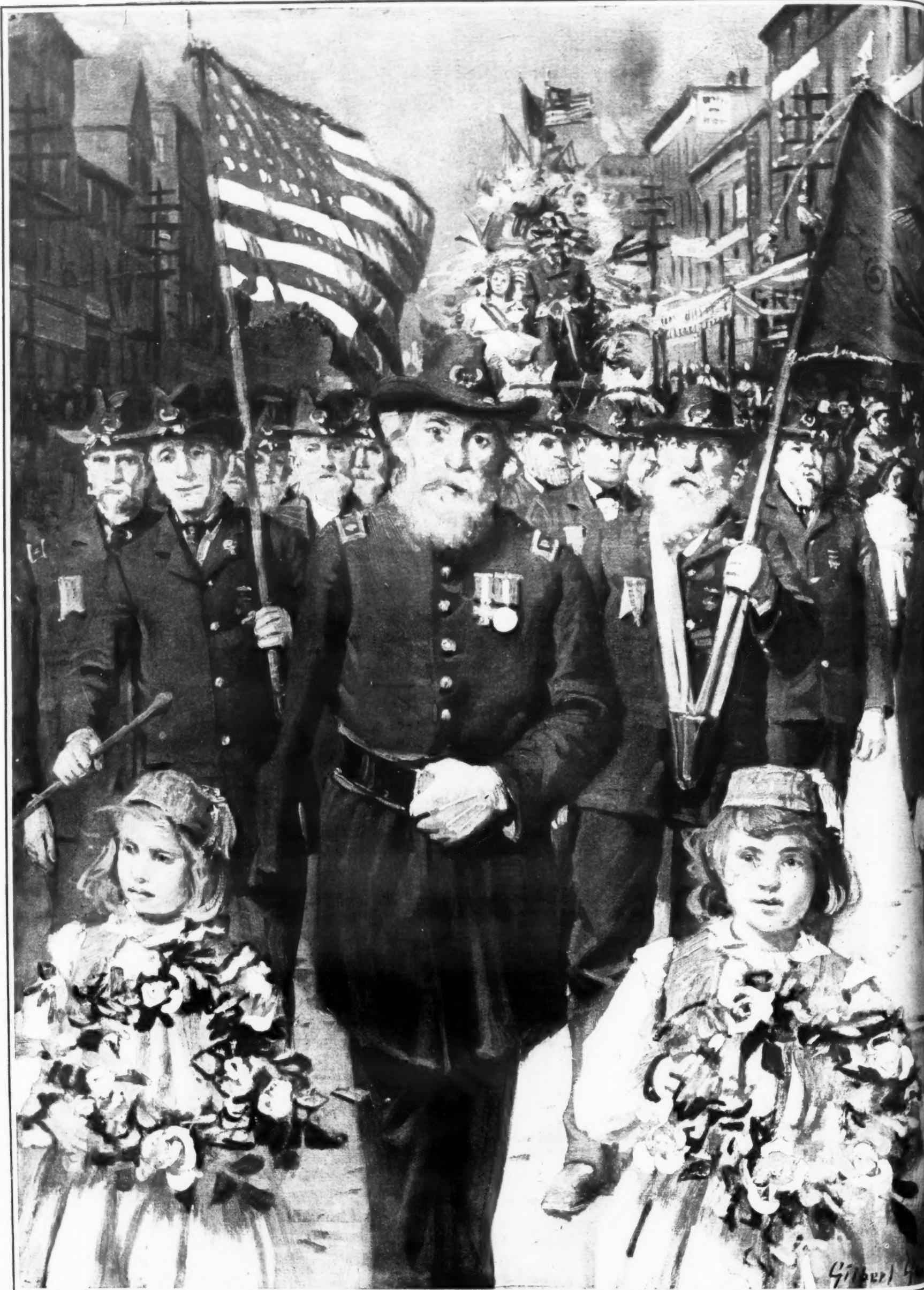
WAGON BEARING MAIMED AND AGED VETERANS IN THE CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL-DAY PARADE, IN APRIL, AT ATLANTA, GA.  
M. Lane, Jr., Georgia.



QUARTETTE OF OLD SOLDIERS IN A CHICAGO CEMETERY ON MEMORIAL DAY SINGING "HE WAS OUR COMRADE."  
S. E. Wright, Illinois.

SPECIAL DECORATION-DAY PRIZE PHOTO CONTEST—ILLINOIS WINS.  
MEMORIAL SCENES IN HONOR OF THE NATION'S HEROIC DEAD DEPICTED BY THE SKILLED CAMERA ARTISTS.  
(SEE OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 499.)





AGING VETERANS IN BLUE, STIRRED BY MARTIAL MUSIC, MARCHING TO DECK WITH FLOWERS THE GRAVES OF UNION HEROES.

KEEPING EVER GREEN THE MEMORY  
 SURVIVORS OF BOTH THE GREAT ARMIES OF THE CIVIL WAR BEARING TRIBUTE OF BL  
 Drawn for Leslie by Gilbert





SURVIVING WEARERS OF THE GRAY EN ROUTE WITH FLORAL OFFERINGS FOR THE BURIAL MOUNDS OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

# THE MEMORY OF THE HEROIC DEAD.

G TRIBUTE OF BLOOM TO ADORN THE RESTING-PLACES OF THEIR DEPARTED COMRADES  
for Leslie by Gilbert Gaul.



## EXCHANGED OUT OF CAPTIVITY

By Wardon Allan Curtis



"I DUG UP GEORGE RANDALL'S RING."

end of the inclosure farthest from the headquarters and guard-room. One of these sheds was quite low and it was easy to get up on the roof, and when you had got there, if you were agile and strong, you could get on the roof of the second and taller shed, the gable of which extended out over the top of the stockade, and you could drop from it to the ground outside. There was a road along this side of the stockade, and across the road, a grove. Easy to get out that way except for the sentry walking beat right under the gable.

They didn't search prisoners very closely in most of the Southern prisons, and George Randall succeeded in keeping a diamond ring worth seventy-five dollars. The third day we were in Danville, along about dusk, he went up to where the shed roof overhung the stockade, and, talking to the sentinel through a hole in the palings, fixed up a dicker. In return for the ring the sentry was to let three Yankees escape. When everything was ready he was to whistle, and the first Yankee was to drop off the roof and scoot across the road and get among the trees. Then if the coast continued clear, the Reb would whistle for the second, and when he was safe, for the third, who was to deliver the ring.

The Reb fell in with the proposition quickly enough. It was dark before his tour of guard was up, and George got across into the woods, and then Billy Warren, but though the Reb kept whistling, there didn't any third man appear, for there wasn't to be any third man. The ring was to be kept among the prisoners and the trick worked indefinitely. The Reb wouldn't dare warn any of his comrades, for fear headquarters would learn of his conspiring to let prisoners escape. And any way, he would think the third man had lost his nerve or that a guard had appeared inside. Somebody got out by means of that ring every night but one for a month. That was the last night of the month, and I was to have been second man. But a piece of the shed roof broke under me and the sentry on the beat

next beyond our man fired. Next morning a thousand of us were transferred to Andersonville. After I had finished my eighth month of Confederate prison life I concluded I had been in captivity long enough. I had been poking idly in the dirt with a stick for want of something better to do, trying to relieve the dreadful monotony, when I dug up George Randall's ring. I decided to get out of Andersonville.

How did the ring get there? Perhaps the man who had it stuck it in the ground for safety and took sick and died. Went to the hospital? Many die? My lad, there were one hundred and eighty of our regiment, the Twenty-second Michigan, taken at Chickamauga. Thirty of those lived to get out of prison. That was an exceptional mortality, but it shows how deadly prison life was. Hospital? The men died right in the pen, like cattle. That is what it was—a pen. A big cattle yard. No shelter, not even trees. A bare cattle yard, with human beings in it instead of cattle, fed on raw corn meal, like cattle. If a man had the slightest bowel trouble he could not live. Getting wet in the rains, the resulting chill easily started a little bowel trouble, and that meant death. The raw corn meal killed him. I lived because I had the digestion of an ostrich. One scant quart of raw corn meal a day. I always wished there was more. I was hungry for two years after I got out—but wait until I get through with my story.

I had the ring, price of my exit, as I told myself, but I needed other things to help make good my escape after I got out, such as clothes. Every stitch I had was a brim of a hat, no crown, a blouse, and part of a pair of trousers, ending several inches above my knees. A creature in such garb couldn't ask women folks for food, and I had heard the Southern women often gave help to escaping prisoners. Get all scratched up in the woods, too. There was a little chap from my regiment who had a pair of trousers that had been willed to him by a dying man, so long for him that he had the bottoms tucked up and pinned almost to his knees. I was a big chap for eighteen—that's all I was; we were all boys; something hard for the present generation to

realize when they look at us old survivors—and my trousers would about reach his ankles. I exchanged the half of a blanket I owned and my trousers for his trousers, and then sat down and wondered what sort of a fool I was. For you couldn't get out of Andersonville unless you could fly. The wishing, the longing, had sort of turned my head. That's one way people go crazy. I was so pining to get out that when I found the ring I had the crazy dream of thinking I could. But Andersonville wasn't Danville, and here I was with my blanket gone and the nights chilly and absolutely no prospect of getting out. This is what I would have to

go through. First, there was the dead-line, a little flimsy railing three feet high. Any prisoner who got too near it was shot. Twenty feet back of the dead-line was a stockade twelve feet high or so. A hundred or more feet back of that was another stockade half again as high as the first. Between these was a row of sentry-boxes or towers overlooking the whole

place. Back of the outer stockade was a line of fortifications mounted with artillery.

Well, sir, just as I was fully aware what a fool I was to dream I could get out of there and go to work and swap my blanket, I was selected as one of a lot ordered to be transferred to the prison at Florence, Ala. We were loaded in box-cars, packed like sardines. One door was opened a mite, and a sentry stood there by the crack. We couldn't go to Florence direct. Had to go clear to Charleston, I believe, but

don't know, for I didn't go through. The best of trains were slow in those old days, and a Southern freight was the worst of all. What with our bad physical condition, many of us on the verge of death before being ordered out—for the transfer was an attempt to get us into a healthier place and relieve the overcrowding—what with the shaking up of the rough road and springless car and the crowding and bad air, three men were dead before the second hour was up. They were taken to the door, examined by the guard to see if they really were dead, and thrown out to lie where they fell, unburied, unrecorded. Although I was all right in every other particular, I was beginning with the scurvy. Con-

stant diet of raw corn meal and no vegetables made scurvy very prevalent among us. Sitting there, all cramped up, my poor scurvyed legs got so I couldn't stand it. I worked one slowly out of the mass of men about me and straightened it out. It required an effort to straighten the stiffened member. I put too much in the effort and my foot struck somebody a little blow in the face. He hit my leg a terrific blow; I struck back and hit somebody, not the man who hit me, and in an instant I was being drubbed by everybody about me—pounded and thumped into insensibility by angry and nerve-wracked men who thought I had made an unprovoked attack on all about me. For a while I heard nothing, and then a Southern voice struggled into my benumbed brain, saying:

"This Yank ain't dead. No, siree, he ain't. I ain't going to throw him out."

They had brought me up to the door to throw me out for dead! The train had stopped. The car door was wide open and the guard was scanning me closely in the moonlight, as I lay in the doorway, almost on the sill. The fresh air had revived me greatly. I could have risen and confuted the men who were clamoring that I was dead and to put me out.

"I don't believe he is dead. I'll wait a while," said the Confederate.

I summoned my strength, I summoned my wits. I gave an imitation of a dying man's gasp, only too familiar to me in Andersonville, and rolled out of the car. I felt like a dead man, sure enough, and lay like

Continued on page 496.



"THIS YANK AIN'T DEAD."

### Baby's Terrible Humor

CAUSING UNTOLD AGONY. PROFESSIONAL TREATMENT DID NO GOOD. CURED IN TWO WEEKS BY CUTICURA.

"My child was a very delicate baby. A terrible humor, breaking out on his body, caused him untold agony. Professional treatment did no good, and I became discouraged and took the matter into my own hands, and tried Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment with almost immediate success. Before the second week had passed the soreness was gone, not leaving a trace of anything."—Mrs. J. H. Block, 281 Rosedale Street, Rochester, N. Y.





**PROMINENT EDUCATIONALISTS IN A RAILROAD DISASTER.**

SCENE OF WRECK AND RUIN AFTER ROBERT G. OGDEN'S SPECIAL TRAIN BEARING ONE HUNDRED MEMBERS OF THE SOUTHERN CONFERENCE FOR EDUCATION HAD COLLIDED WITH A FREIGHT-TRAIN AT GREENVILLE, S. C., KILLING FOUR PERSONS AND INJURING THIRTEEN.—*Photograph from A. McK. Griggs.*



**FOREIGN RAILROAD MEN BANQUETED ON AN OCEAN STEAMSHIP.**

FRENCH DELEGATES TO THE INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY CONGRESS AT WASHINGTON THE GUESTS AT A FEAST GIVEN BY M. JULES CHARLES-ROUX ABOARD THE STEAMER "LORRAINE," AT HER PIER IN NEW YORK.—*Photographed by T. C. Muller.*



**THE RAILROAD HORROR AT PENNSYLVANIA'S CAPITAL.**

CLEARING AWAY THE WRECKAGE AT HARRISBURG OF THE EXPRESS TRAIN ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, WHICH WAS SHATTERED BY EXPLODING DYNAMITE AND CONSUMED BY FIRE AS THE RESULT OF A COLLISION WITH FREIGHT-CARS.—*Peirce & Jones.*



## EXCHANGED OUT OF CAPTIVITY

Continued from page 494.

one. I didn't have to do any acting. But falling the way I did, all limp, with the strength gone out of me, I didn't hurt myself any. Came down like a bag of meal into a great mass of nettles, but they, too, helped break my fall. Now, whether the guard thought I was dead, or didn't like to risk letting a couple of prisoners get out to pick me up, I can't guess. Any way, the train pulled on and left me lying there, and I kept lying there for a good while. When I looked around I found a house and barn across the road deserted—men drafted into the army and women moved to town, probably. The house was boarded up, but the barn was open. That was before the days of the great Western wheat fields. Southerners lived on corn mostly, but a few raised wheat, and here was where some wheat had been thrashed by a flail, leaving a heap of chaff. I crawled into the first soft, warm bed I had known for a year and a half, and was happy as a king. Next morning I found some potatoes—the sovereign remedy for scurvy—and corn. Couldn't get away from raw corn, though this was not quite hard yet. Seemed as if I could feel the scurvy begin to go with the first potato I ate—little, mean potatoes, too. I decided to stay there until my scurvy was under and I had built up some. That good bed helped keep me. But I was hungry. I thought I had been hungry before, but now I was feeling better, more cheerful, and my appetite was worse accordingly. Raw potatoes were good for scurvy, but they didn't satisfy a fellow after a year and a half of raw meal.

After a while I started northward, striking for the mountains. The mountaineers were many of them Union sympathizers, and I planned to work my way north up the backbone of the Appalachians. I traveled daytimes and hid nights. I didn't run into a human being until I got to the mountains, and there, as I was starting on my nightly journey a little after dark, I saw a fire gleaming through the trees, and the wind brought me an odor so delightful that I was almost wild. It was roast turkey! You can't imagine what that meant. You have never lived on raw corn meal for a year and a half. I started toward that fire, determined to get some of that turkey—ready to fight for it, buy it, surrender myself a prisoner to get some of it. I went on not a bit cautiously, when a gun was poked into my face, and a negro's voice said:

"Halt! Who goes thar?"

"General Ulysses S. Grant," said I.

I don't know what made me say it. Seemed as if it was about the most laughable answer I could give, telling him that this miserable, ragged, lonely apparition, all by himself hundreds of miles from a Union army, was General Grant.

"Fo' de land's sake!" said the negro, in a low, trembling voice. "General Grant hisself?"

The poor, benighted creature believed it, or if down

in his sober sense he didn't quite believe it, the mere sound of the name had put a spell upon him. To him and his race the great men of the North, Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, were not men, but dim, mysterious, superhuman forces, genii, as it were. "Massa Linkum" was coming to free them, General Grant and General Sherman were coming to knock their shackles off, and the assistance of an army wasn't necessary. When they heard the whites talking, it was not that Grant's army had done this or that, but Grant had done it. The imagination of the African, as is the case with all primitive people, had raised the Northern leaders into the cloudland of legend, and they were demigods. Grant's name was a conjure word to that negro. In a flash I perceived the psychological effect of my answer, and pressed my charge.

"Give me that gun." It was mine. "Who's that by the fire, and what are they doing?"

"That's my massa, Mr. Lieutenant Bob Dalton, and two sojers, and they's been in the mountains tryin' to draft po' white trash. They's cookin' wiahld turkey, and Massa Bob told me to stand gyard, 'cause he said thar wasn't nothin' dangerous around hyar."

"How many arms have they?" said I, altering my determination to have a piece of the turkey, and resolved to have it all.

"Nuther gun and massa's sword and revolver leanin' agin a tree."

"My friend, are you content to remain in slavery, or do you wish to be free and are consequently on the side of de North?"

"I reckon I is on de side of de North. I'd done run away and gone thar long ago, if I could."

"You sneak in and get those arms, and bring 'em here."

He got them. I felt sure he was on my side, of course, but I didn't want him around, complicating matters, so I said:

"Now, you get out of here before any trouble begins. You start running just as fast and as still as you can. Get away before the trouble begins."

He was off like a shot. I crept toward the fire. Three men were sitting around it, so absorbed in conversation and pleased contemplation of the cooking turkeys—there were two—as to be completely off their guard.

"Throw up your hands!" I shouted.

The man sitting facing me gave one glance at the leveled musket and up went his hands. The two with their backs to me followed his example.

"Turn around, you," said I to the man looking at me. I wasn't going to have them know I was alone. "Turn around; keep turned around, and keep still, or we will shoot."

Then I considered. I had decided to tie them, without knowing how I was going to perform the operation. But the first requisite was absent. There wasn't a thing to tie them with.

"Lieutenant, lie down, face down. You man on the right, when I say 'Go,' you start running southwest, and you other man southeast. Go!" and I fired one gun and then the other to scare them and make them think there were at least two of me. They were skeddaddling before the second piece went off. I wasn't afraid they would come back, not for a while, so I sat down and began to eat turkey, now and then warning the lieutenant that I had an eye on him. I am afraid to tell you how much turkey I ate. You might not believe it. You never lived for eighteen months on raw corn-meal—and, anyway, wild turkeys are neither so large nor so plump as tame ones. When I could hold no more and felt more contented and happy than I ever expect to feel again, I said to the lieutenant:

"Take off your clothes."

He obeyed. His uniform was a nice new one, even the gold-lace lieutenant's knots on the sleeve were new—the Confederate officer's rank was indicated on the sleeve, not the shoulder, as with us. I made him roll over again, took off my rags and threw them in the fire, put on his clothes, and left him. I wanted to make it take as long as possible for him to organize a pursuit. Banking on the fact that he wouldn't get around very lively and that he couldn't raise any assistance very quickly in that thinly settled region—a region where he hadn't been able to draft any soldiers—and being worn out anyway, I rolled up in some leaves, after I had walked five miles, and slept until morning. I got up, bold as a lion. No more sneaking and hiding. I was going to travel by daylight now, a Confederate officer.

But when I came to the first clearing and marched toward a house, there was a cracker and his wife covering me with rifles, and three hard-looking yellow dogs getting ready to 'light into me. Well, sir, I believe they would have shot me if their curiosity and hankering after a talk with a stranger hadn't made them wait to palaver with me. They thought I was a recruiting-officer—same man who had been in that vicinity day before. Farther north the mountaineers were mostly Unionists. Here they were lukewarm and wouldn't fight for either side. A recruiting-officer, as I found, got considerably worse treatment than revenue spies do now.

I couldn't make them believe I was what I said I was, but I did persuade them that a Confederate uniform would be a handy thing to have around to put on and fool future recruiting-officers. I persuaded the man of this. The woman said they might take him for a deserter if he were in uniform; but she said the cloth was better than any she had, and she could dye it and use it. So they agreed to give me an old suit of blue jeans for it. So, as a result of my last exchange, I was in citizen's clothes. Among a friendly population, all I had to do was to follow the mountains north to freedom.

## THE MAN IN THE AUTO

ALTHOUGH ONLY eight coaches paraded at the May coaching parade of the New York Coaching Club, "the motor has not affected the taste for coaching," remarks Colonel William Jay, who as president of the coaching club is naturally on the negative side. "There were more coaches at the meet than ever before, which bears out my opinion. That nearly every whip has now a motor-car does not alter the case."

AUTOMOBILE track-racing in the East did not have a propitious opening at the initial event on the first Saturday in May at the Brighton Beach Track at Coney Island. To those well posted this was not surprising—because of the many reasons for it. It was too early in the season, the weather, the public, and the racing-cars not being ready, and there was a counter attraction at Belmont Park. Besides that, the track is, as has been repeatedly demonstrated by the accidents on it, wholly unfit for fast automobile racing. A few loads of loam dumped on the corners did not make it any better. Barney Oldfield, last year, after two fairly fast miles on the track, declared it dangerous and quit. Leaving out the successful Wridgway endurance run of 1,000 miles, a severe test of man and machine for 25 hours, 50 minutes, 1 second, the programme was badly arranged, but with more meets to come, the management, which, like all young things in the spring, is verdant, will, it is expected, learn by experience and furnish good sport to a good gate later on.

WRIDGWAY'S performance, however, needs more than a passing reference. In fact, it needs analysis. Driving a twenty-four horse-power Peerless touring-car, Wridgway accomplished a remarkable feat in automobilizing. Sitting continually at the steering-wheel of a big machine for more than a whole day, he established new track-records from one hundred miles to one thousand miles inclusive; smashed the mileage for twenty-four hours, never once let his engine run down, and incidentally set a pace for human endurance. Driving day and night and day again around a mile course that required practically ceaseless turning, Wridgway placed the twenty-four hour record at 943 miles, a gain of 123 miles on the mark established by

Charles Schmidt in a Packard touring-car at Detroit last year. His time for 1,000 miles was 25 hours, 50 minutes, 1 second, beating Schmidt's figures by 4 hours, 3 minutes, 36 seconds. He averaged throughout nearly thirty-nine and one-half miles an hour, as

### Columbia's Dead.

AMONG New England's apple-trees,

In many a churchyard old,  
The boys of Sherman and of Grant  
Are bivouacked in the mould;  
The heroes of the rank and file,  
They freely gave their lives  
Upon the crimson field of war  
To break a brother's gyves.

BEYOND the broad Potomac's flood,  
Where stately live-oaks grow,  
And where the sighing winds are white  
With flakes of cotton snow,  
The lads of Lee and Jackson sleep.  
They fought a noble fight,  
And perished in a hopeless cause  
For what they thought the right.

THEN let us take the fairest flowers  
Our soldier-dead to strew—  
Gold-hearted lilies, pale and pure  
And fragrant, for the blue,  
And roses heavy with perfume  
And bright with dews of May,  
To shed their petals where repose  
The armies of the gray.

FOR both were born in Freedom's fold,  
And both to her were dear;  
She stands beside their silent graves,  
With each returning year,  
And where the Mississippi flows,  
And where the Hudson runs,  
Memorial Day she weeps alike  
O'er all her gallant sons.

MINNA IRVING.

against an average of about thirty-four and one-half miles an hour by Schmidt. The latter in his record-ride, however, had several times been relieved at the wheel, so that as a personal achievement Wridgway's performance stands alone. His time of nearly forty miles an hour equals railroad time on smooth steel rails, with frequent changes of locomotives and driving crews, and shows that if we had good roads the 1,000-mile trip from New York to Chicago could be made by automobile in twenty-four hours.

ALEX SCHWALBACH.

### Dame Nature Hints

WHEN THE FOOD IS NOT SUITED.

WHEN NATURE gives her signal that something is wrong it is generally with the food; the old dame is always faithful and one should act at once.

To put off the change is to risk that which may be irreparable. An Arizona man says:

"For years I could not safely eat any breakfast. I tried all kinds of breakfast foods, but they were all soft, starchy messes, which gave me distressing headaches. I drank strong coffee too, which appeared to benefit me at the time, but added to the headaches afterwards. Toast and coffee were no better, for I found the toast very constipating."

"A friend persuaded me to quit the old coffee and the starchy breakfast foods, and use Postum Coffee and Grape-Nuts instead. I shall never regret taking his advice. I began using them three months ago."

"The change they have worked in me is wonderful. I now have no more of the distressing sensations in my stomach after eating, and I never have any headaches. I have gained twelve pounds in weight and feel better in every way. Grape-Nuts make a delicious as well as a nutritious dish, and I find that Postum Coffee is easily digested and never produces dyspepsia symptoms."

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# JASPER'S HINTS TO MONEY-MAKERS

[NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York, at the full subscription rates, namely, five dollars per annum, or \$2.50 for six months, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their papers and to answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions having relevancy to Wall Street, and, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. No additional charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

ONE OF THE oldest members of the New York Stock Exchange said to me the other day, "I have been forty years in Wall Street, and I have never known the time when so many deliberate falsehoods have been placed in circulation to affect the stock market as we have had since December last." It seems incredible that this should be the truth, and yet my readers need only recall the rumors of the last few months to verify the statement. It would be impossible to circulate these rumors without the aid of the newspapers and of the press associations with which they affiliate. Whether the financial writers responsible for the circulation of misleading reports are faithless or incompetent, I will not undertake to say. Let any one turn to the files of the leading daily newspapers and of some of the great financial journals, and read the glowing predictions, a few months ago, on which the market rose, and on which rise industrial and railway stocks were unloaded on the public. These writers believe that their readers have short memories, and experience justifies this belief.

One would think that, after having been misled or deceived, the public would become distrustful for a long time to come. But such is not the case. And so it is that when false predictions are made, and when they prove to be false, the writers responsible for the bogus information do not even apologize or explain. They keep on writing, and the public keeps on reading, believing, buying, and losing. The press associations and special correspondents are in part responsible for misleading information. Recently dispatches were printed in reference to an expenditure of \$20,000,000 by the Steel Trust at Youngstown. The next day the news was contradicted. At intervals, all through the last year, news dispatches have been reporting a coming combination of lead companies, and on each successive report the lead stocks have risen. Who has not read the contradictory dispatches in reference to the copper war and in reference to contemplated combinations of railroads in the South and the West, and the stories of the avidity with which the public eagerly bought great issues of bonds which syndicates were all the time trying vainly to work off?

We have become so accustomed to deceit that we seem to like it, and everybody engages in the practice. Great financial institutions have inside syndicates organized by directors, which enable the latter to accumulate enormous fortunes with incredible rapidity. Contracts for supplies must always yield a commission to the inside buyer. Railways must be built by "construction companies" which skim off all the profits and then turn the property over to the railroad. Corporations have become so accustomed to this sort of thing that in some instances directors openly refused to give information to stockholders, as in the case of the American Sugar Company, to which I have heretofore referred. Only the other day, at the meeting of the stockholders of the Union Pacific at Salt Lake City, when a shareholder ventured to ask the reason for the proposed issue of \$100,000,000 additional preferred stock, no answer was vouchsafed, and, instead of making a row over it and demanding his rights, he took his medicine, accepted the situation, and no doubt voted for the additional issue of new stock. Think of a great corporation adding \$100,000,000 to its obligation, in amount one-tenth of the total debt of the United States, and refusing to tell the shareholders why this mysterious move is made!

I do not wonder, when the American Mercantile Association, a Kansas City get-rich-quick concern, recently failed, that some one posted this notice on its doors: "Good-bye, suckers, good-bye." But the people are slowly waking up. A few years ago I happened to be in Phil-

adelphia when the United Gas Improvement Company was trying to get for a song the enormously valuable gas works of the city of Philadelphia. It had secured the favor of the Republican bosses, and they were ready to loot the taxpayers and turn the property over to the U. G. I. In my presence a New York syndicate offered to the common council of Philadelphia \$1,000,000 more in cash for the lease of the city gas works than the U. G. I. offered. These New York capitalists said to the Philadelphia councilmen, "We will make the identical proposition to you that the U. G. I. offers, and on top of it we will put down \$1,000,000 in cash. Will you accept it?"

What did the councilmen do? They laughed at the offer and gave the property to the U. G. I. at its own price. And what did the press and the taxpayers of Philadelphia do when they saw this million dollars thrown away by a lot of pot-house politicians? Nothing. They were besought to interfere, but they kept silent while the pillage went on. And now, when the U. G. I., before the expiration of its lease of the city gas works, undertakes to make a new seventy-five-year contract, on terms of its own choosing, the Philadelphia newspapers are up in arms, and taxpayers are threatening to lynch the councilmen.

Why did not the Philadelphia newspapers and the taxpayers realize the situation when the game of loot began in 1897? They knew it was going on, for the New York syndicate that offered a million dollars more than the U. G. I. appealed to the newspapers to prevent the robbery and the jobbery. What kept the Philadelphia papers quiet at that time? And what has aroused them now? Is it the new spirit of independence and determination to secure their rights which is marking the progress of events in various sections of the country? Have the people at last been aroused against the franchise grabbers that have dominated the politics of nearly all our large cities, and that have made millionaires of saloon-keepers, pot-house politicians, bookmakers, and gamblers? If so, let the good work go on. Let us have a little of it in Wall Street. Let

us take the lid off of some of our great financial, railway, and industrial corporations. The stockholders of the American Malting Company compelled the directors to make restitution to its treasury for unearned dividends paid in violation of the law. What about the Corn Products Company and others that I might mention that are in the same boat? And what about the directors of railroads who have been financing their corporations to death, always to their own profit? How about the syndicate operations of certain great financial institutions? Let us have the truth, even if restitution does not follow.

The stock market just now is of greater interest to those who want to get out than to those who want to get in. I pointed out, months ago, that heavy interests appeared to be liquidating. It has been disclosed that the Lake Shore and the B. and O. were selling thousands of shares of Reading while that stock was being advanced on grossly exaggerated rumors of enormous earnings and heavy dividends. Some great insurance companies have been quietly disposing of stocks and bonds, bought under circumstances which might create suspicion. The most conservative men in financial circles have been withdrawing from the stock market ever since the opening of the new year and waiting for the inevitable break. We have had some liquidation. We must have more, and, until the outlook for the crops is revealed, we cannot look for a bull market. Within a year, unless there is decided retrenchment in Federal expenditures, the condition of the Federal treasury may be quite embarrassing. It will not help things to have a tariff discussion and a consequent industrial upset in October. The gradual shrinkage in the demand for pig iron and the slight reduction in the price of pig, even though slight, conveys its own warning. We cannot forever live in a fool's paradise.


"L." Bee: I understand the stock has no value and no quotations are available.  
"T." Ashtabula: Wheeling and Lake Erie is a growing property in a well-developed territory, and if I had the stock I would not sacrifice it at a loss, though the recent effort to advance it was not very successful.

Continued on page 498.



AN UNEXPECTED "WELCOME."—London Sketch.





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near the Rhine.  
Oldest and best known Place  
Both for health and entertainment.  
*Favoured by American Families.*  
Celebrated Mineral Springs, 155.75° Fahr.

Unrivalled in cases of gout, rheumatism, paralysis,  
diseases of the respiratory and digestive organs,  
nervous derangements, etc.  
Prospectus free on application to the Kurdirection.  
Season all the year round.

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will thank you  
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corns, bunions, callouses,  
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or dampness and make you  
feel as if you were walking  
on a mattress.

Write to-day for Catalogue.

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Sewn in your hat prevents loss.

Your name and address on elegant silk hat  
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## Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

Continued from page 497.

"J., New York: No information is obtainable on  
Wall Street.

"O. D., Fort Wright, Wash.: I do not recom-  
mend the property. It is well to leave it alone.

"Lake, Paterson, N. J.: 1. Yes. 2. It is im-  
possible to say at present. I am trying to get a re-  
port of its earnings. 3. I doubt it.

"De G., New Orleans: I am unable at present to  
recommend any of the Goldfield companies. Many  
wildcat concerns are selling their shares, and I ad-  
vise you to be careful.

"Calvert: I would not sell my Mo. P. or  
Pennsylvania at a loss. If they are paid for, and  
you can hold them, you ought eventually to be able  
to sell without a sacrifice.

"McC., Creston, Iowa: The last report of the  
Canadian Pacific, made in December, showed a  
surplus balance of \$2,500,000. The lands unsold ac-  
crued a total of 15,000,000 acres.

"Lamb, Buffalo: King's column of 'Financial  
Logic' is written to fool the gullible. I take no  
stock in its predictions, and you may be sure that it  
is not written for philanthropic purposes.

"F. H. B.: 1. I only answer inquiries in refer-  
ence to the stock market, and do not advise regard-  
ing grain. 2. Trinity Copper is in the hands of a  
rather unscrupulous speculative crowd, which  
makes me feel like leaving it alone.

## TEN YEARS

"What I Have Done In Ten Years."  
"The Story of My Wonderful Success."



I HOPE every  
reader of LES-  
LIE'S WEEKLY  
will write me. I  
would like to send  
you my free book,  
entitled "Ten  
Years—The Story  
of My Wonderful  
Success." It has  
something to say  
about one of the  
greatest and most  
promising invest-  
ment opportunities  
ever offered. Be-  
lieve I have the  
best proposition  
from an investor's  
standpoint that  
could be placed  
before you. My  
book tells all about  
the success I have  
met with during  
my ten years of

business life, and about its exceptional future possi-  
bilities. My success has been unprecedented. I started  
business in the city of Brooklyn in 1896. My capital  
amounted to less than \$25.00. My first year's business  
netted me over \$1,000. Last year I paid dividends to my  
partners of 15%. Five years ago my business had grown  
so large that I was compelled to remove to larger quar-  
ters. I am now at 63 and 65 Clark Street, Brooklyn, in  
connection with the Hotel St. George. I have to-day  
what experts have pronounced the most appointed in-  
stitution of its kind in the country. I estimate the equi-  
pment of the Mac Levy Institute of Physical Culture to  
be worth at least \$40,000. The Mac Levy Co. own free  
and clear its equipment. It also controls valuable pat-  
ents—such as the Mac Levy Steel Bar System, famous  
all over the country, and the Mac Levy Trolley System,  
for quick and safe instruction in swimming. The local  
business done by the Mac Levy Institute of Physical  
Culture is very large. Especially at this time of the  
year, when the swimming season is just opening. Last  
year I operated three different places teaching swim-  
ming: one at Arverne-by-the-sea, L. I., another at  
Steeple Chase Park, Coney Island, and at our Brooklyn  
Institute. During the summer months I taught thou-  
sands to swim. I had thirteen instructors on my pay-  
roll. Each instructor worked 10 hours a day, and al-  
lowed on an average of 2 minutes to each pupil. You  
can get an idea from this, the amount of business which  
I did during the warm weather months. This, you un-  
derstand, was in addition of my Mail Order Department  
and regular Physical Culture business. I have long  
thought that there are thousands of people in moderate  
circumstances who would like to invest a few dollars in  
an institution of this kind. At last I decided to offer a  
block of the treasury stock of this Company to the pub-  
lic at its par value. I had good reasons for coming to  
this decision. I wish to put into operation extensive  
plans for extending the business of the Mac Levy In-  
stitute of Physical Culture and the Mac Levy Gymnasium  
Equipment Co. I also wish to erect a building that will  
enable me to meet adequately the growing demands of  
my business. If you are of a speculative mind I do not  
want you as a partner. Wall Street is the place for you  
—where thousands of dollars are lost in mining and oil  
stocks. If you have a few dollars that you want to in-  
vest where it will earn more for you than the 3 or 4%  
which savings banks pay their depositors, I want you to  
read my book. I want you as a partner in this great  
institution. Do not let your money stand idle earning  
only 3 or 4% which the savings banks pay their deposi-  
tors. Put it to work. Join it with mine. I believe that  
within a year this Company will pay dividends of at least  
20%. Let me send you this book. It is absolutely free.  
Write for it to-day. Now.

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President Mac Levy Co., Inc.  
63-65 Clark St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



12 Corn Killing Plasters.  
CORN REMOVES CORNS.  
No pain, no cure.  
SEND QUARTER NOW. No cure,  
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Best Supply Co., Sole Mfrs.,  
Dept. 3, Joliet, Ills.  
Also Drug and Shoe Stores.

"D., Brooklyn: 1. Among the cheaper bonds at  
present I should include Toledo St. L. and Western  
4s, and in the speculative class American Tobacco  
4s. 2. I would not be in a hurry to buy stocks in  
such a market, nor bonds either, for that matter.

"G., Toledo, O.: The data you seek about the  
Pittsburg stocks will be found in Moorhead's  
Quarterly Record, which summarizes facts of inter-  
est regarding securities dealt in on the Pittsburg  
stock exchange. It is published by the Moorhead  
Publishing Company, Pittsburg.

"H., Standish, N. Y.: 1. I do not recognize the  
firm, and it is impossible to obtain information of  
value regarding the properties. 2. I understand  
that nothing is left to the unfortunate shareholders  
of the Ladue, and it is their own fault, for they per-  
mitted the property to be handled by incompetents.

"B., Rye Beach: 1. There are evidences of liqui-  
dation in both U. P. and Reading. I would not be in a  
hurry to get into this market. 2. The speculative  
manipulators who have been boosting L. and N., on  
the talk of making it a guaranteed 7 per cent. stock,  
are not the kind of people that I would choose to  
follow.

"N., Baltimore: 1. The Lake Superior Corpora-  
tion was the successor to the Con. Lake Superior  
Company. The income bonds represent the assess-  
ment paid in cash, and, as I understand it, were for  
the amount paid in, namely, \$3,000,000. Collateral  
trust 5s are authorized up to an issue of \$10,000,000.  
2. I cannot recall the date.

"W., Scranton: 1. Greene Con. Copper pays 40  
cents per share every two months. It is said to be  
one of the greatest copper mines in the country.  
Its par value is \$10, and it is selling at a consider-  
able premium, as the quotations indicate. 2. You  
must be a subscriber at the home office to be entitled  
to the privileges of this column.

"G. W., Milwaukee: The Con. Lake Superior  
Corporation, which has been selling around 19, is  
the new stock. The quotation in New York is made  
on the curb. It looks as if the reorganized company  
did not start out with sufficient cash working capital.  
One million dollars was provided, but this was  
very little for a corporation of its magnitude.

"B., Newark: The impression prevails that the  
Con. Lake Superior, when it was reorganized, did  
not provide sufficient funds to tide it over its  
troubles. It is also believed that the Steel Trust  
will be glad to secure the property at as low a price  
as possible. I would not sacrifice my shares, for if  
the iron industry maintains its strength the com-  
pany will be able to report good earnings.

"S., Goshen, N. Y.: The new Lake Superior Cor-  
poration stock looks cheaper than most of the non-  
dividend-paying iron and steel stocks, but it would  
be unwise to purchase until the difficulties regard-  
ing the adjustment of the Con. Lake Superior  
bonds indebtedness has been settled. The old  
stock received income bonds for the assessment  
paid. You must bear that fact in mind. Your other  
questions have been answered in previous issues.

"Southern": Southern Railway common last  
year ranged from 19 to 38, and this year has sold as  
low as 29 1/2. The industrial development of the  
South is adding to the value of this great property,  
but on its earnings the stock is as high as it should  
be; and unless the market shows far greater  
strength than is now being developed, I doubt if  
you will get your price before the close of this year.  
Yet, an active, speculative movement at any time  
might help you out, and I hesitate to advise you to  
sell at a loss. Obviously, much depends on general  
business conditions.

"M., Lowell, Mass.: The stockholders of Ameri-  
can Malt have been circularized to see if they will  
consent to a plan to reduce the capital stock. The  
company's properties include twenty-nine of the  
best-appointed malt-houses in different parts of the  
United States. The last annual report for the year  
ending September 1st showed a surplus over inter-  
est payments of \$116,000. In March last the former  
directors paid to the company's treasury \$310,000  
in cash and \$1,000,000 in common stock, in settle-  
ment of unpaid dividends declared by them. I  
would not sacrifice my stock at a loss.

"Sigma": 1. American Hide and Leather pre-  
ferred, if it were assured of its dividend regularly,  
would sell somewhat higher. The prosperous con-  
dition of the property has in part been discounted.  
I think. 2. Rock Island common, around 25, is re-  
garded favorably for speculation. The much-talked-  
of and long-promised rise in the common has failed of  
fulfillment, and speculators in the stock have been  
generally disgusted thereby. 3. There are those  
who still believe that Steel common will some day  
be put on a dividend basis. I believe that day is a  
good way off, if we shall ever see it again.

"B., Rochester: 1. No regular reports of earn-  
ings are available. I base my judgment on what  
those who know all about the property have told me  
regarding its future. I have believed that they told  
the truth, but I stand sponsor for no one. 2. The  
Colo. Industrial bonds, around 70, are speculatively  
attractive. 3. The earnings of the American Ice  
Company thus far this year, I am told, show a con-  
siderable improvement. 4. I am unable to ascertain.  
5. Few industrial bonds are regarded in the same  
investment class as first railroad mortgages, Ameri-  
can Tobacco 6s, American Cotton Oil 4 1/2s, and  
U. S. Leather 6s are all fairly good.

"Veritas": 1. American Ice Securities stock sells  
at a lower price than the old American Ice pre-  
ferred, because the latter carried with it about 16  
per cent. in dividends accumulated, which were met  
by payment in the new American Ice Security de-  
bentures. 2. The Con. Lake Superior stock was ex-  
changed for Lake Superior Corporation stock, on a  
basis representing the difference in the quoted  
values. 3. I believe you would not make a mistake,  
at least from the speculative standpoint, if you  
would sell your Manhattan Elevated at present  
figures and buy Southern Pacific preferred. You  
would certainly increase your income. 4. So com-  
mon was cheap when I recommended it, around 60,  
but on the present dividend of 4 per cent. it is  
high enough, and the management denies rumors  
that the dividend is to be increased at present.

Continued on page 499.

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That is what we want every possible pur-  
chaser of a Fox Typewriter to do before he  
buys.

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operated with from 25 to 100 per cent. less  
energy than any other typewriter, it doesn't  
mean anything to you unless we can show it  
this saying that it will enable you to reduce  
the cost of typewriting in your office, give  
you a better grade of work and save you a  
vast amount of worry about repairs. When  
we show you that, you are interested.

We have proved this to some of the most  
discriminating buyers in the country. Seventy-  
five per cent. of our sales are made under  
just such circumstances.

If we can prove it to you, you want our  
machine.

Remember we prove this at our ex-  
pense. All you have to do is say you are  
interested, no matter where you are.

Write us to-day.

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Executive Office and Factory,  
660 Front St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Branches and Agencies in  
Principal Cities.



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## Central American Trade.

IT IS GRATIFYING to learn through Consul-General Winslow, of Guatemala City, Guatemala, Central America, that the United States is more than holding its own in the race for the imports of this republic, which, it may be said, are generally decreasing, because of the hard times through which the country is passing. Large quantities of groceries, flour, potatoes, shoes, dry goods, and clothing come from the United States, but Germany and England seem to have the lead in machinery and hardware. There is surely a fine opening in these latter lines for our exporters, Mr. Winslow says, but they must be in position to push their goods personally, to give longer credits, and to take more pains with packing. In all, it is safe to say, there are \$8,000,000 of American capital invested in Guatemala and there is an opening for much more, if it is backed by the right kind of management.

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With The Wellington Association it is not a question of promise, but of performance. Not a promise of what we will do in the future, but a statement of what we did last year and what we are doing this year. Last year the Association paid five dividends, 22 per cent. in all. This year the Association is paying 3 per cent. quarterly, with such additional dividends as shall have been earned by December 31st, making five dividends in all.

Write for particulars.  
The Wellington Association, Boulder, Colo.



## A STREAM OF GOLD

is constantly flowing from our mines to the pockets of nearly 1,000,000 of our clients. It amounted to nearly \$150,000 in 1904; it should amount to \$250,000 in 1905. It is the result of our work of operating developed, proven, equipped, dividend-paying gold mines and oil properties of the very highest class, on a safe, sound and wonderfully successful system that positively guarantees immense profits and makes a loss impossible. Our system completely eliminates the risks of ordinary mining and enables investors to share in the enormous dividends of the most profitable industries in the world, while enjoying the safety of a government bond. If YOU want to make money write to-day for full particulars, including six months' free subscription to our illustrated mining paper.

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A set of three Stanlaw's Poster Girls, beautifully finished in colors, size 11 x 7, an artistic decoration for the walls of your den.

A series of four breezy out-of-door girls, done in black and white on heavy paper, size 14 1/4 x 10 1/2, suitable for framing.

One of Jas. Montgomery Flagg's wonderful character studies of the American Girl, printed in sepia on heavy plate paper, size 12 3/4 x 9 1/2, suitable for framing.

Two more of Flagg's daintily executed heads, miniatures of the originals in our possession, on one card, size 7 1/2 x 6, suitable for framing.

FOR A QUARTER we will send the three Stanlaw's Poster Girls, the four Out-of-Door Girls, the large Flagg's head, and the two-head miniature.

FOR 15 CENTS we will send sample copies of Judge, Leslie's Weekly and Judge's Library, together with the four Out-of-Door Girls and one colored Poster Girl.

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Order to-day; don't wait till to-morrow. Address Picture Department, Judge Company, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.

## Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 498.

"D." Worcester, Mass.: Unable to get track of it and doubt if it is of consequence.  
"K." St. Paul, Minn.: I think you are entitled to your income bonds and your stock, and I would communicate, as suggested, with the home office in Philadelphia.

"Alder." Canton: I would prefer a stock-exchange house. Among the best of these are Spencer Trask & Co., William and Pine streets, and Edey, Brown & Sanderson, 2 Wall St.

"Cape Cod": I have answered you as well as I could. The benefit from the Pittsburgh connections has not been fully derived as yet, because the connections are not wholly completed. I am told that they shortly will be. I would not sacrifice the shares at a loss.

"S." Indianapolis: Some of the heaviest owners and directors of the American Woolen Co., not long since, advised their friends that dividends on the common might be expected before the close of the year unless there was a decided slump in business. On this information a strong pool to purchase the stock was organized just before the recent liquidation. Whether it has disposed of its holdings or not, I do not know. I am told that it has not.

"D." Springfield, Mass.: 1. The condition of the affairs of the concern has not yet been fully disclosed. A technicality is involved in your case which only a lawyer can pass upon. I have repeatedly advised against doing business with the firm, for this was not the first of its troubles. The concern did a large business, not the kind that had my approval. 2. You must be on my preferred list to be entitled to answers in this column. It ought to be worth it.

"M." Dayton, O.: If People's Gas, as I have before remarked, was not subject to the vicissitudes of unfriendly municipal legislation in Chicago, now rendered more easy than ever by legislative authority, recently conferred, it would sell on a much higher basis, the same as other municipal gas shares. The city council, it is believed, will endeavor to reduce the price of gas, and this, unless legal obstacles can be interposed to prevent it, may ultimately result in reduced dividends.

"R." Canada: 1. Corn Products preferred, according to its recently printed annual report, hardly earned 3 per cent. last year. It is said that its entire property could be duplicated for one-third of its capitalization. The cut in prices has reduced the income of the company very seriously. If the competing interests would get together, the dividend could be earned. When they will get together, I cannot say. 2. I think the Steel Trust shares are as high as the present condition of the iron industry warrants.

"R." St. Louis: The tendency toward reaction in the iron industry carries with it a similar tendency in the bituminous coal business. C. and O. ranged last year from 28 1/2 to 51, and its highest price this year was about 60. If it were permanently on a 4 per cent. basis it would be worth this and much more. I do not advise its purchase in a market such as this. The tendency to liquidation still continues. I doubt if we will have a much stronger market until some uncertain factors, including the crop outlook, are more clearly defined.

"C." Montgomery, Ala.: 1. Of course I have not seen the properties and only know that the firm seems to be doing a large and prosperous business. I have had no complaint from their customers. 2. I know of no such book, but you can get something in that line by inclosing a two-cent stamp to Edey, Brown & Sanderson, 2 Wall Street, and asking for their April quotation guide on railroad shares and industrials, and mentioning LESLIE'S WEEKLY. It will be sent free. 3. I know of no paper that gives you the unbiased information that you seek.

"W." New York: This is not a good market to carry non-dividend-paying stocks, either railways or industrials, on a slender margin. Your People's Gas will probably, because of its dividends and large earnings, work out all right, and your Southern Pacific also, if promised dividends this year are declared. The evidences of a declining tendency in the iron industry in certain directions make me afraid of Steel common. The Rock Island pool seems to have gone to pieces, but this stock is liable to become active at any time. Colo. Fuel represents a great property, and the interest of influential insiders is to keep the stock strong at present. American Locomotive, I believe, was advanced by insiders who sought to unload, and did unload a considerable amount of their holdings of the common. The talk of dividends on K. T. preferred cannot be traced to official sources. Erie will probably work out its own salvation in due time, and Wabash also, though I am distrustful of the latter because of the heavy bonded obligations placed, and being placed, ahead of the stock. You carry too much rail in such a market.

NEW YORK, May 18th, 1905.

JASPER.

## Queer Island Laws.

THERE ARE some strange laws in the Cook Islands, in the eastern Pacific, though they are a portion of the British empire. The population is Maori, and each island legislates for itself. The island council of Manihiki—one of the group—has lately passed an ordinance to "regulate village life" within the island, which is highly interesting as a sample of primitive self-government. The ordinance re-enacts "the ancient law of Manihiki as to dogs," and sentences to death any dogs on the island. Pigs are not to wander at large, and any person wandering about after nine P.M. may be arrested and taken to the court-house to explain his reasons for being abroad. No debt incurred by a native inhabitant is to be recoverable in any court. Selling or giving intoxicating liquor to any native inhabitant is punishable with a fine of fifty dollars, with a reservation of a limited quantity for sick people; drunkenness is visited with a fine of five dollars; "fighting in the streets, or otherwise breaking the Sabbath," with a ten shillings' fine.

## The Argument for the Smaller College.

THE PRESIDENTS of several of our large colleges, who were recently asked to tell what they considered the greatest moral danger confronting a college student in a large city, unwittingly furnished a strong argument in favor of the small college in a rural community when they practically united in the statement that the chief danger, under the conditions stated, was the "frittering away of the student's time in trivial, self-indulgent occupations and animal pleasures," and also "the temptation to explore phases of life to which the student had been a stranger." It is obvious enough that such moral perils as these, and particularly the latter, rarely present themselves to the students of small colleges in small towns. The temptations of city life, which are hard enough to combat and offset, even with young men under the immediate influence of wise parents and the surroundings of a good home, become infinitely greater when these same young men are freed from home restraints and have, in addition, their natural propensities stimulated by the example and influence of their college mates and the large license too often allowed to the frankness of college boys. The parents, therefore, who are seeking for an educational institution where the factors making for pure and strong character have presumptively the largest and freest play, can hardly fail to choose the smaller institution remote from any great centre of population.

## Special Prizes for Amateur Photographers.

ATTENTION is called to a new special pictorial contest in which the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY are invited to engage. A prize of \$10 will be given for the picture, sent in by June 15th, which most truly expresses the spirit and significance of the Fourth of July. This contest is attractive, and should bring out many competitors.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. We offer a prize of \$5 for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and to that which bears a special relation to news events. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for their return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and \$1 will be paid for each photograph we may use. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing except the name and address of the sender should appear on the back of the photograph, except when letter postage is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the makers. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Mat-surface paper is not suitable for reproduction. Photographs entered are not always used. They are subject to return if they are ultimately found unavailable in making up the photographic contest. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners. The contest is open to all readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, whether subscribers or not. All photographs accepted and paid for by LESLIE'S WEEKLY become its property and therefore will not be returned.

N. B.—All communications should be specifically addressed to "Leslie's Weekly, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York." When the address is not fully given, communications sometimes go to "Leslie's Magazine" or other publications having no connection with LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



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**Mackintosh's Toffee**  
the Pure and Delicious  
**OLD ENGLISH CANDY**

The enormous sales of my Toffee in this country and in England (the home of Mackintosh's Toffee) have made it the great international candy. It is absolutely pure and wholesome, and the best candy ever made for children. I want to caution you against inferior imitation of my Toffee. Be sure that you get the original "Mackintosh's Toffee." Ask your dealer, and if he cannot supply you send me Ten Cents in stamps for a sample package, or \$1.00 for a 4-lb. Family Tin. Try your dealer first.

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All Transactions on Honor.  
Mothers buy Diamonds on credit for sons and daughters. Husbands buy Diamonds on credit for wives. Brothers and sisters buy Diamonds on credit for each other. Lovers buy Diamonds on credit for sweethearts. All classes take advantage of the famous Loftis Credit System. Save a Diamond. Win a heart. Write today for our Diamond Catalog—1000 illustrations. Select the Diamond you want and we will send it. If you like the article on its arrival, pay one-fifth of the price. Keep it, paying the balance in eight equal monthly payments.

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WATCHMAKERS, JEWELERS  
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In my business a few investors are offered an income for life and the only reason I want to take in any one at all is that I wish to put on more help to take care of the large volume of business offered me, because of my success and ability, and to care for this additional business, a little increased capital is necessary. The way my business is now running, \$100.00 invested makes \$30.00 a year and I by the use of more capital I can greatly increase this result.

Going on the way I am now, in two years I would be able to swing the business without aid, but in order to accomplish immediately what would take two years without help, I offer an opportunity to investors which for safety and profit cannot be duplicated.

My business is not a mining, oil, grain or speculative affair. It is a monopoly and strictly first-class in every particular with no debts or obligations whatsoever. This space is expensive so will not explain its nature here, but to anyone who is sincere and really wants to make a safe and profitable investment and will write me, I will send full particulars and best of bank and other references. Address, mention this paper

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Military Goods NEW and old auctioned to F. Hammerman, 579 B'way, N. Y. See Cat'g in Trade

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and animals. Delightful work for Men, Women and Boys. Quickly learned in spare time. Fascinating, profitable. Adorn home, den, office with beautiful specimens. Thousands of successful students. Satisfaction guaranteed. Our new catalog *absolutely free*. Write for one today.  
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**LONG BEACH, LONG ISLAND**  
NEW YORK'S MOST POPULAR RESORT SEASON OPENS IN JUNE

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## Real Parisian Life

Tales More Fascinating and Interesting than the Arabian Nights or French Court Memoirs.

I have secured the sets of Paul de Kock, from the F. J. Quinby Co., which were awarded the gold medal at St. Louis. Rather than rebind them—they are slightly rubbed through handling—I will sell them at half-price as long as they last, and upon small monthly payments, and send them on one week's approval, carriage free.

**Paul de Kock**  
The Merriest French Humorist  
has written sparkling, witty, amusing, riveting novels—audacious for melancholy. The stories race merrily along, nothing didactic or dull; as original as Boccaccio, as mirthful as Gil Blas, as fascinating as the Oriental Tales, and as captivating as the DIARIES OF THE FRENCH MAIDS.  
These stories are translated with fidelity into English, and the best authorities have adjudged them classics ranking with Smollett, Sterne, the Arabian Nights and Balzac.

**Short Fascinating Stories**  
"Paul de Kock is a tonic in books instead of bottles."—*Max O'Rell*. "His charming characters seem to be under the influence of champagne."—*Charles Levey*. "He has kept France laughing for years."—*the Smollett of France*.—*Boston Herald*. We list the superlative, but believe this the best and richest book value ever offered. The set contains the most delicate and artistic French illustrations obtainable, made specially for this work by Gluckens, Sloan, Weizell, Sterner, and many other famous artists.  
Illustrated Booklet Free, giving you full particulars and sample pages of this rare set of books; but you must write to-day, stating whether you are interested in cloth or half-morocco, three-quarter, or full binding.

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Please send me booklet and particulars regarding Paul de Kock's works. (Sending this incurs no obligation.) I am interested in the ..... binding.  
Name .....  
Address .....  
Leslie's Weekly, May 25.





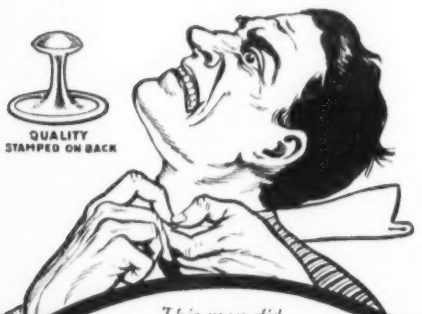
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Competition is the life of trade,  
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That is why

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is far in the lead with popular preference. Its quality, age, purity, flavor is the most perfect combination ever made.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



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He will throw it away.

Moral: Don't buy collar buttons to throw away; buy the KREMENTZ and be comfortable.

It is easy to button.

Easy to unbutton.

Always stays buttoned.

It is the standard of quality.

The dealer who don't keep KREMENTZ Buttons will tell you his is just as good. Don't believe him.

Insist on the KREMENTZ and take no other.

It damaged in any way, may be exchanged for new one without cost, at any dealer.

"Story of Collar Button" gives styles and sizes, sent for postal.

KREMENTZ & CO.  
72 Chestnut St. Newark, N. J.

Special \$1.00

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This Vest Pocket

ELECTRIC SEARCH LIGHT

Every One Guaranteed

GIVES 5,000 FLASHES

NOT A TOY

Beware of cheap imitations.

But a useful, practicable, durable and convenient article for every one. No danger of fire—can't blow out—simply press the button and you have instant light. Invaluable for Physicians, Watchmen, Plumbers, Clergymen, Miners, Railroad Men, Bankers, Hunters, Etc. No heat, matches, chemicals. Safe—a child can operate it. No wires, smoke, smell or dirt. Nothing to break. AGENTS can make big money selling out electrical goods and other novelties. Write for terms. THE ELVO CO., Dept. A, Weymouth, Mass.

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## Business Chances Abroad.

AMERICAN CREDIT terms to foreign purchasers might in some cases be modified. Rufus Fleming, United States consul at Edinburgh, reports that while most English and continental firms give thirty days' credit and 2 1-2 per cent. discount, the terms of American sellers are usually cash or fourteen days' bills of exchange, with about the same discount. This means payment before the goods are received. The modification of the terms of our exporters and the adoption of the other basis would undoubtedly increase our opportunities for a successful invasion of the British market. Lorina Lathrop, our consul at Bristol, says that "soundly established and conservative old Bristol firms are astonished to find themselves compelled to pay for goods before their arrival." He thinks that American shippers should calculate to give at least three months' credit if they hope to do business in Bristol. Indeed, all over the world shippers from this country will find it advantageous to comply with local customs in regard to credits.

DEALERS in printing presses and printers' supplies may find it to their advantage to look into the chances for trade in Mexico, where the demand for articles of this kind is slowly but steadily on the increase. Germany seems to have caught the larger part of this trade thus far. At Durango and several other centres of American population in Mexico, such as Torreon, Chihuahua, and Aguas Calientes, there are weekly newspapers printed in English for the American population; and in all these places there is an American job-printing establishment of some sort. In Mexico City, Monterey, and Torreon these American printing establishments are quite well equipped and do excellent job work. Printing as an art had its first seat on the American continent in Mexico; and in recent years, with the stabilization of conditions, there has been much modernization of methods and equipment. Outside of the capital, however, the printing shops in the various cities are supplied for the most part with out-of-date equipment, and there should be some chance to work up trade in this line.

IT WOULD seem that when opportunities come they should be taken advantage of in the right way. This is not always done by our exporters. United States Vice-Consul Gracey, at Fuchau, China, gives some reasons why, notwithstanding the open door, American trade is not more rapidly extended in the Orient. Some months ago there was an opportunity to introduce American filing cabinets, card indices, etc. The vice-consul obtained a large number of catalogues from this country, but in every instance the firms failed to send their wholesale prices and discounts. Such a mistake a British merchant would not make, and the purchase in this case will doubtless be made from some one else than an American. Mr. Gracey also makes the point that Americans do not quote for Oriental markets their complete prices. Nor do they go into particulars sufficiently. Special catalogues should be prepared for Asia. The packing of goods sent from the United States is unsatisfactory. Owing to changes of climate, dampness, and heat in transit there is no certainty that they will arrive in satisfactory condition. British firms have been so long supplying these markets that they know just how to pack goods so that they will arrive in the best condition. Some manufacturers of American breakfast foods have been sending their products to China. They are packed in tins, but the packages are sealed with paper and the contents arrive in a mouldy condition. English breakfast foods come in soldered tin packages and arrive all right. American exporters should take lessons in proper packing of products for China, and also in making full quotations.

Piso's Cure for Consumption always gives relief in cases of Coughs and Colds. 25c.

The Solmer Piano is so honestly made that continuous severe use will not impair its splendid qualities of tone and action.



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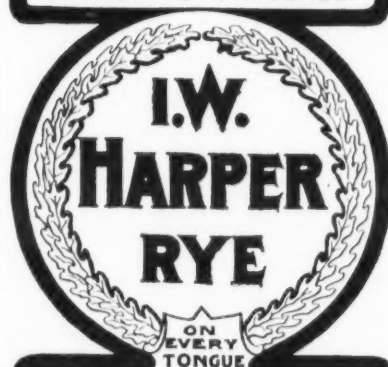
You are asking yourself this question and probably you will welcome suggestions. There are more than one hundred delightful resorts in Wisconsin each delightful in its own way. No difference whether you want to spend your vacation at a fashionable watering place or want to get out into the Wild, close to Nature, where, with the smell of the pines in your nostrils and the music of running water in your ears, you can battle with the trout and muskallonge—no difference what you want in the way of an outing, you will find it in Wisconsin. The Summer Book of 1905, beautifully illustrated, is fully descriptive of the Wisconsin resorts. Fill out and send in the attached coupon and you will receive the Summer Book of 1905, Free, postage paid.

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Mail me, at your expense,  
the Summer Book of 1905, descriptive of Wisconsin's Summer Resorts.

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Use it daily in toilet and bath. You can be

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25c. a cake at drug stores, or mailed for 50c. by THE C. N. CRITTENDON CO., 115 Fulton St., New York.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50 cts.

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For a good drink's sake  
turn down the man  
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**CLUB COCKTAILS.**  
Seven kinds—Manhattan,  
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but only one brand—"CLUB."  
G. F. HUEBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors  
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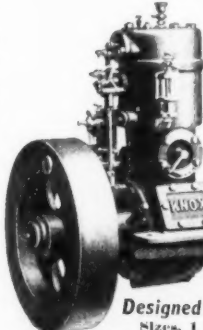
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Designed and Built for Hard Work

Sizes, 1 1-2 to 15 Horse Power.

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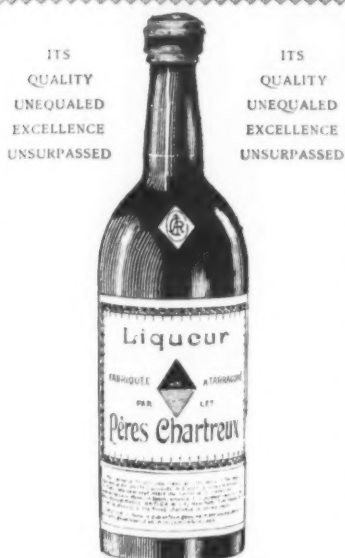
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Four 24-Hour Trains to Chicago Every Day—NEW YORK CENTRAL.





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At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Butcher & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

**Improved  
BOSTON  
GARTER**

THE STANDARD  
FOR GENTLEMEN  
ALWAYS EASY

The Name "BOSTON  
GARTER" is stamped on  
every loop—

The  
*Velvet Grip*  
CUSHION  
BUTTON  
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never  
Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

ample pair, Silk Str., Cotton  
25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers,  
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

THE "VELVET GRIP" PATENT HAS BEEN  
SUSTAINED BY THE U. S. CIRCUIT COURT

**The Truth**  
Can be told about  
**Great  
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Champagne**  
—The Standard of  
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There is nothing to  
conceal in its production.  
It is Pure Grape  
Juice, fermented and  
aged to exact perfection  
for healthfulness,  
possessing the bouquet  
and flavor that  
connoisseurs desire.

"Of the six American  
Champagnes  
exhibited at the  
Paris exposition of  
1900, the GREAT  
WESTERN was  
the only one that  
received a GOLD  
MEDAL."

**PLEASANT VALLEY  
WINE CO.,**  
Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.  
Sold by respectable wine  
dealers everywhere.

### Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address "Hermit," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

WHILE any form of life-insurance policy issued by a reputable company commends itself to would-be insurers, there are advantages in an endowment policy which make it especially attractive. Not only does it perform all the functions of the ordinary life policy, providing a fund for the policy-holder's dependents in the event of his death, but it also holds out to him the promise of personally realizing the benefits it confers. There is a great satisfaction in knowing that one need pay premiums for only a limited term of years in order to become the possessor of a snug sum of money, the equivalent of what has been paid in, with interest, while in the meantime protection is being afforded to one's family. Many a man has been able in this way to secure for himself the capital needed to purchase a home or to establish a business. This kind of insurance has been, in the cases of not a few individuals, a powerful incentive to saving and a keen spur to ambition. It is true that the endowment costs more per year than the life policy, but it is well worth the additional outlay. It is a particularly good thing for a young man to invest his spare cash in, since the premiums favor youth, and the chances of his enjoying the returns himself are most excellent. Instances are numerous in which an endowment policy has proved to be the basis of competence and success that would not otherwise have been achieved.

"H." Chicago: I do not think favorably of the association.

"C." Lonaconing, Md.: The Baltimore Life is not a very large, but is quite a prosperous company. Its expense of management seems heavy. I would prefer an endowment policy in one of the larger companies.

"D." Rochester, N. Y.: 1. I could not enumerate all the different forms of policies. 2. If you will give your age and ask for a specimen policy of the kind you want and the amount you desire, and address it to "Department S, Prudential Life, Newark, N. J.," you will receive the information you ask for, far more satisfactorily than I can give it, and some very interesting facts about the various forms of insurance.

"L." Bradford, Penn.: 1. I certainly would not think of accepting the offer made to you by the brokers for your tontine deferred-dividend policy. 2. The Equitable is absolutely sound, and every policy contract it has made will be honestly carried out. The State insurance department of New York is my authority for this statement, and its reliability is unquestioned.

"J. T." Pullman: Sick benefits are offered by fraternal associations, and for temporary help may be acceptable; but for old-age benefit the best you can do is to take out an endowment policy which, at the expiration of fifteen, twenty, or thirty years, will give you a stipulated amount of cash. Nearly all the best companies issue endowment policies, and rates do not vary to any extent.

"Widow," Baltimore, Md.: 1. The annuity offer of the Equitable's agent simply means that the company will give you, on payment of \$5,000 in cash, a settled income each year, during the remainder of your life. Of course the company retains the \$5,000 after your death. 2. All the facts about the Equitable annuities and endowments will be given you by the headoffice. You can fill out the coupon attached to the advertisement of the Equitable Life on this page, according to the directions it contains.

*The Hermit.*

### What Cyprus Will Buy.

OUR WATCHFUL and enterprising consular representative at Beirut, Syria, Mr. Ravndal, sends a report from that point to the State Department concerning trade opportunities in the island of Cyprus. It appears from this that in Cyprus, as in Syria, the age of machinery is just dawning. Both provinces present virgin territory for American manufacturers and exporters of agricultural machinery. Mr. Ravndal advises the latter, as far as Cyprus is concerned, to correspond with Mr. Gennadius, director of agriculture, Nicosia, Cyprus, and with P. J. Louisides & Co., exporters and importers, Larnaca, Cyprus. Abundant crops were harvested in Cyprus last year, and the prospects are good for 1905. Commerce between the United States and Cyprus is as yet in its infancy, but is likely to grow, especially along agricultural lines, we buying Cyprus wool, skins, and wines, the Cypriots buying from us agricultural implements and machinery, including wind and oil engines for irrigation purposes. The total trade of Cyprus amounts to \$4,000,000, about equally divided between exports and imports, and is gradually increasing.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
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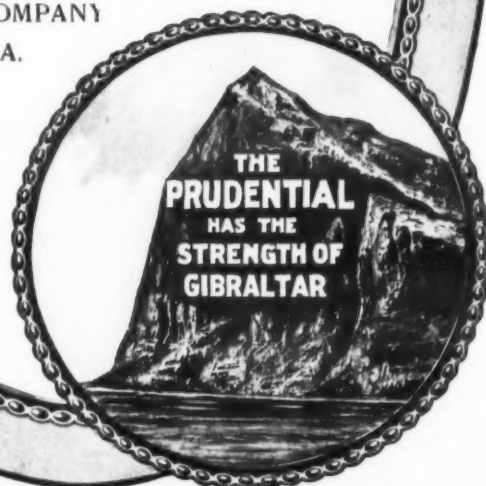
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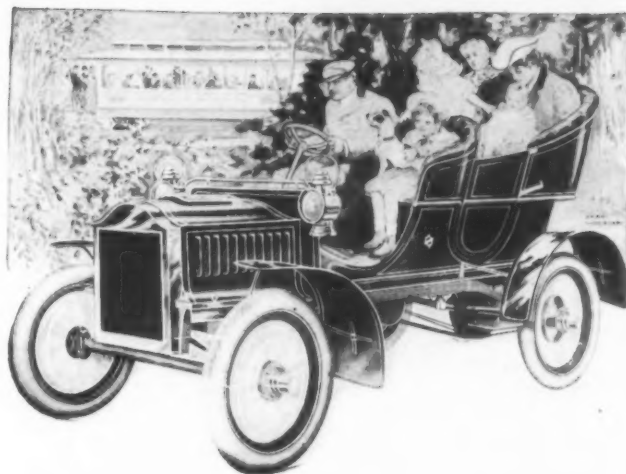
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